

The TATLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1512.

London, June 18, 1930

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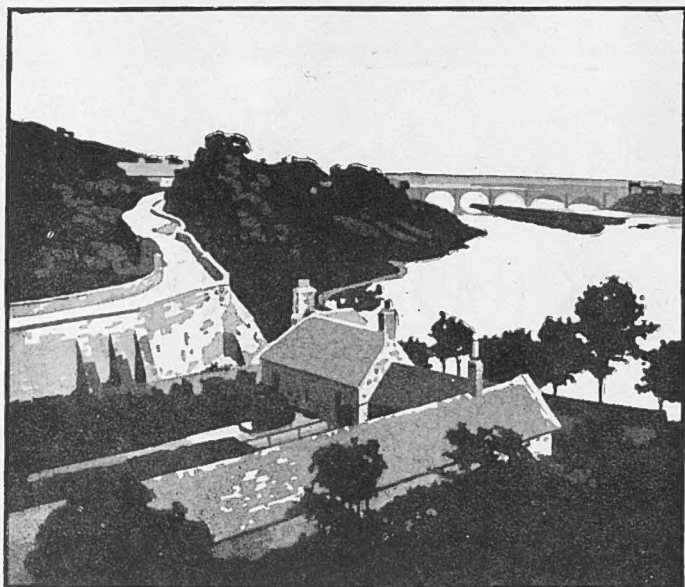
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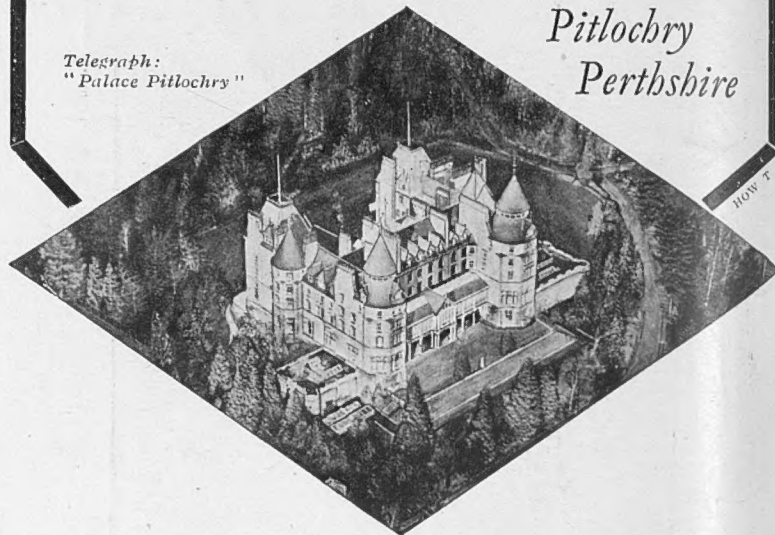
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Price One Shilling



Yevonde, Victoria Street

MISS EILEEN BENNETT (MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL)

ONE OF ENGLAND'S HOPES FOR WIMBLEDON

Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall will always be better remembered by her numerous admirers at Wimbledon as Miss Eileen Bennett, in the same way as Mrs. Wills-Moody will always be "Helen Wills" to her public on both sides of the Atlantic. What are our chances of resisting the strong invading forces from abroad this season is a matter which is on the knees of the gods. "Helen Wills" is rated more formidable than ever, and Miss Helen Jacobs is a more than useful second string. Miss Eileen Bennett is one of our main hopes, but the battle before our lawn tennis Amazons looks as if it might be even more dour than it has ever been

The Letters of Eve



THE HON. EILEEN BERESFORD

Lord and Lady Decies' eldest daughter taking appropriate measures against the heat-wave which paid us a flying visit at Whitsuntide. This snapshot was taken at Mr. Howard Gould's house party at Wallingford on Thames



THE COUNTESS OF MINTO AND HER CHILDREN

In a sunny moment in Hyde Park. The two little girls are Lady Bridget (right) and Lady Willa Elliot. The son and heir is Lord Melgund, who was born in 1928

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
DEAR CREATURE,—Be content for the moment that you are in the wilds and have not to battle with happenings here. Not that they lack variety or entertainment, but the volume of them, my dear, sometimes seems suffocating. Time was, I suppose, when London, and a reasonable radius of its residential sections, were the only claimants to your activities from April to July, but now you never know where the most exciting things are going on. However a general holiday relieves the strain a bit, and Whitsuntide contrived to lure all London out to seek those things most advocated by doctors, philosophers, and the newspapers, *i.e.*, sun, air, and exercise. To an interested bird hovering above the metropolis on Friday and Saturday it must have presented the spectacle of a volcanic eruption, with streams of human lava pouring out relentlessly—though volcanoes have a more decisive way of dealing with traffic blocks. The return resembled an attempt to contain the "greater within the less"! You know, of course, Charles Lamb's happy phrase of "a foolish day's pleasuring." It



JUST OUT OF THE POOL!

A few dippers just after a swim at Mr. Howard Gould's last week party at his lovely house at Wallingford. Included in this group are: Mr. Tom Nelson, Mr. Howard Gould (behind the lifebelt), Captain Hillyard, Miss Nelson, Mrs. Lewisohn (Edna May), and in front, Captain Maurice Nelson

would certainly suit this season, although I am sure he would have balked at the awful term "week-end." He might have provided a good alternative; can't you? It's needed. Rack your brains.

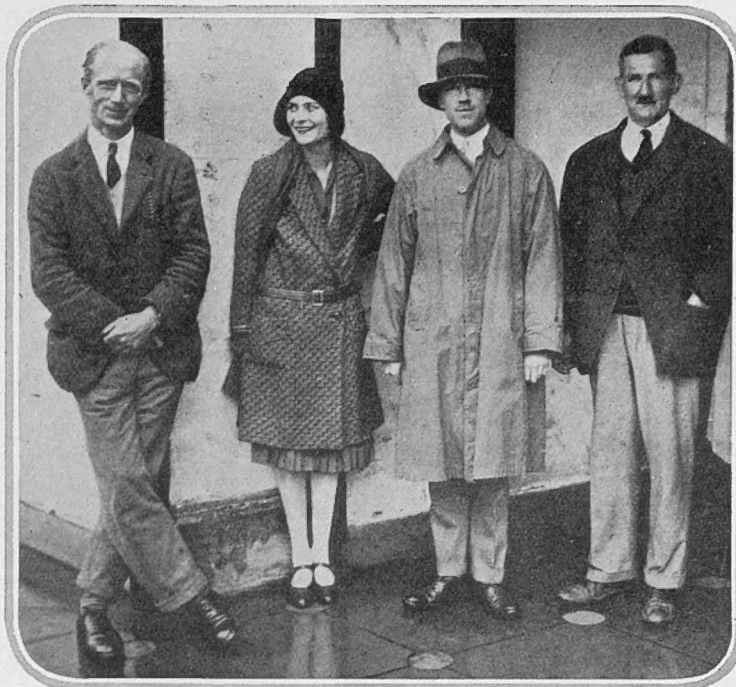
For those who did not go into the depths of the country or to the gaieties of Le Touquet during Whitsuntide there were some excellent distractions in the way of racing at Kempton and polo of the highest order at Hurlingham. The Whit-Monday programme there, which began with a parade of the International ponies, had as its chief feature the International Trial match between England and the Rest, finishing up with a thrilling final for the Whitney Cup. The result was success for that wonderful team of Australian brothers, who beat Bridge House by 7 goals to 4½. There is something very intriguing about this Goulbourn team, composed of the four young Ashtons, who have brought themselves and their ponies all this way to play over here. Their victory was extraordinarily popular and thoroughly deserved. Admirably thought out, their red-and-blue jerseys coincided most auspiciously with the ponies' girths of the same colouring, and the latter surrounded some of the finest and handiest exponents of the game I have ever seen.

The attraction of this match, and the fact that it was Bank Holiday, brought one of the biggest crowds that Hurlingham has held for some time. Conspicuous in this crowd was Mrs. Ashton, the mother of the Goulbourn team, who stood all through the match with a bundle of her sons' polo sticks, ready to hand them out when demanded, and kissed them all when Lady Cowdray presented them with the cup. Among the rest were Lady Weymouth, who was looking very lovely, Colonel and Lady Kitty Ritson, the Phipps-Hornbys, Lady Castlerosse, and Mr. Laddie Sanford, who may all be described as staunch supporters and followers of the game. There were the Jack Harrisons, too, and about five of their daughters, Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, the Jackie de Prets, and Count and Countess de la Maza with a group of Spaniards. Also the Duke and Duchess of Peñaranda. The duchess' famous mahoganytan seemed a little less deep in colour, but a little more sun will probably make good that deficiency. The most vivid touch of the afternoon was provided by Miss Marjorie Leigh, who drove up in her enormous Rolls in a scarlet dress, scarlet hat, and scarlet shoes; lips and the now fashionable finger-nails completed the ensemble.

Whitsuntide marks the official start of the sailing season, however late it may be. As the weather was quite ideal

craft of every kind crept out like insects in the sun, and thanks to good breezes white wings were darting about in much the same manner as the most active lepidoptera (you'd no idea I knew of words like that, nor thought a metaphor could remain unmixed when stirred by my pen). The foregoing applies, of course, to the little boats of Bembridge and on the Norfolk Broads; at Cowes and places where they sail big yachts, races have long been under way.

Oulton Broad being the Solent of the East Coast, it breeds some of



Arthur Owen

AT LORD AND LADY GALLOWAY'S HOUSE PARTY

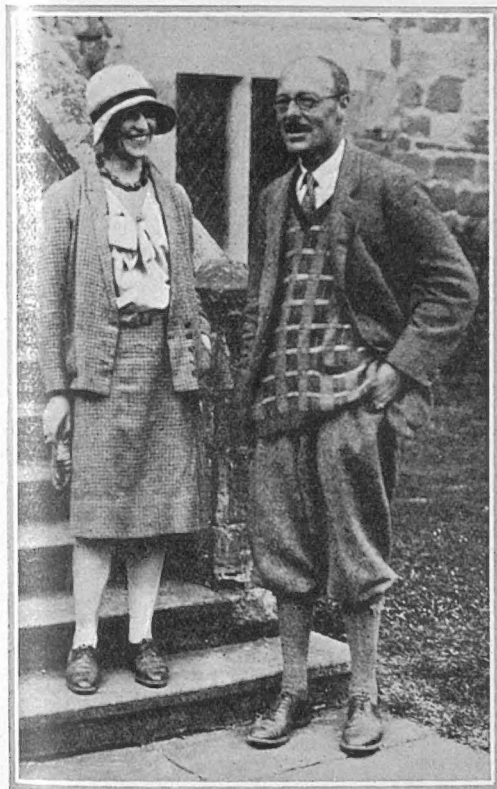
A group at Cumloden, Newton Stewart, the Earl of Galloway's Wigtownshire seat. The names, left to right, are: Captain A. F. G. Cochrane, Lord and Lady Galloway, and Mr. Cliff McCulloch. Lord Galloway was formerly in the Scots Guards and was made prisoner in the 1914 operations in the Great War

the best helmsmen afloat. You wouldn't be surprised at this if once you'd sailed with them and seen the impedimenta they have to contend with. In a race between anything up to twenty-four starters, the natural hazards seem quite sufficient in that restricted area. And it is fascinating to watch their manœuvres. Miss Becky Astley, whose engagement to Mr. John Maclay was announced not long ago, is completely happy on or in the water. Her home at Wroxham was burnt to the ground about two years ago, thereby robbing Norfolk of one of its lovely old houses. Commander Fanshawe is a newcomer to the county, having arrived with the fixed intention of ousting Lord Elmley from the constituency. No doubt his sailing powers, added to previous parliamentary experience, will give the new aspirant good marks from his seafaring supporters.

Of the Norfolk families whose members are particularly adept at nautical pursuits the Colmans must be mentioned swiftly and with awe. I hear that Mr. Alan Colman has started on a very enterprising journey, seeking fresh seas to conquer. He is attending Kiel Regatta, sailing his dinghy in the races there, and then proposes to cross the North Sea in a new yacht which he has just acquired. Anyhow, the neighbourhood has given him a good welcome. One of the crew will be Mr. Peter Bathurst, who has already

taken a leading part in the Ocean Race round the Fast-net Lighthouse. This is the Derby of the yachting year—requiring endurance and not a little skill. Mrs. Colman has gone over to Kiel for the regatta, too, as well as Lady Katherine Hamilton, whose term of "In waiting" on the Queen was completed just in time. She is staying with Colonel and Mrs. Richardson, both of whom are splendid in a boat. Their dinghy has combined forces with Mr. Colman's famous *Avenger* to uphold British prestige afloat. All good luck go with them.

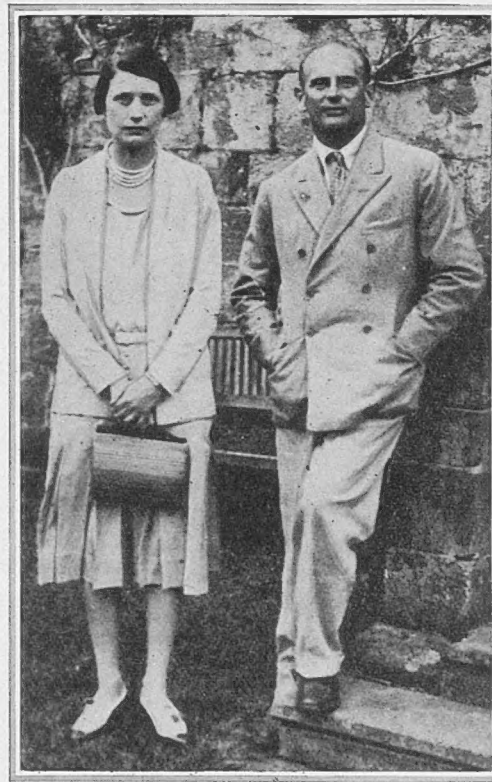
(Cont. on p. 530)



Arthur Owen

LADY ANNALY AND MR. GERALD VILLIERS

Who were in Lord and Lady Carlisle's house-party at Naworth Castle, Cumberland. Lady Annaly was Lady Lavinia Spencer, and is a sister-in-law of the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther



Arthur Owen

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CARLISLE

Who had a house party at Naworth Castle, Carlisle, Cumberland. Lady Carlisle was formerly the Hon. Bridget Hore-Ruthven and is Lord and Lady Ruthven's eldest daughter

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

As I write to you everything seems to be well set for Ascot, where most of us will be by the time you get this letter. The course was looking quite wonderful when I walked round it the other day, and I felt like going in to congratulate Colonel Sir Gordon Carter for his beautiful thick green grass and his miles of freshly-painted white railings. I wonder, by the way, how many people know that there is a golf course in the area enclosed by the race-course? Eighteen holes, but rather short ones I imagine. Sir Gordon, who is responsible for Ascot, is a very charming and immaculate person who rejoices in the intriguing permanent address of "Royal Enclosure," Ascot. Given fine weather, and somehow we generally get it, this meeting should be a specially good one, with the King there once again to head the royal procession and the Prince with his own private party from Fort Belvedere. It will be interesting to see a brief triumph for the women's long day-time dresses, if they really dare appear.

There are just a few people whose presence, or personality, or charm, or whatever it is, make them specially missed when they are away from London for any length of time. Lady Louis Mountbatten, who is organizing the Midnight Revue on July 10 for the Prince's British Legion Fund, is one of them. And she certainly gives us plenty of opportunities to miss her. Sutherland, whose tall figure and beautiful face we had to do without while she was away on her five months' trip to India. One who we can welcome back here is Lady Craigavon, the wife of the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, who has now come over to spend the rest of the season at Cleeve Court, her riverside place at Streatley. The Craigavons' only daughter was married last July to Commander Robin Linzee, a sailor she had met in Malta in the early spring, and the remainder of the family consists of twin sons.

When a philanthropically-minded friend wrote commending my attention to June at Eastbourne, I wondered vaguely why the current month should make a distinction between that and any other place. Closer inspection revealed the fact that Lady Inverclyde had gone to open the Dr. Barnardo Home Bazaar which was held there last week. This is an annual event and always an immense success, everyone realizing the great merit of the cause. With so great an attraction as "June" to launch it this year, no one had any fear of failure. To her appealing speech, friends, nomads, and inhabitants lent their ears, and the good they subsequently did will certainly live after them.

I didn't get much forrarder with the engagement list, having been diverted by other subjects; so will now proceed to enlarge on a few which will interest you particularly. That between Mr. Robert Fanshawe and Miss Viola Ismay has been in

the air (of Ireland, anyhow) for some time. He hails from there, is a soldier, rides a horse better than most, has a broken nose, and a host of friends. To this formidable list his future wife will contribute water-lore learnt at Bembridge. Her other lovely home in Dorset is, sadly enough, up for sale, owing to her father's death not long ago. He, Mr. James Ismay, was a great connoisseur of live-stock and agriculture, the model farm at Iwerne Minster being renowned. Another Anglo-Irish fixture concerns Captain Meade Dennis and Miss Joan Graham. Captain Dennis is quite amazingly like Lord Fingall to look at and also shares with him an ability to ride winners.

Miss Jean Garland's engagement to Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham will, I think, be a blow to quantities of young men. She is particularly attractive, with a slightly aloof air which characterizes her sister, Mrs. de Pret. During the hunting season, Miss Garland stays with the latter at Gaddesby a good deal and shows the Quorn how Warwickshire can ride to hounds. Mr. Smith-Bingham's regiment, the 15th/19th Hussars, are at present in the troublous frontier region of India. Then there is Mr. Cosmo Crawley. He and Miss Rosemary Christie-Miller are going to be married. And to mention that he is a fine cricketer, once you have heard his name, is an insult to your intelligence.

Weddings form a natural sequence of thought to the foregoing paragraphs. I cannot pretend to provide first-hand news of three most important ones, as Miss Mary Lane-Fox married Captain Bridgeman in Yorkshire. Still more remote were the ceremonies which united Lady Marion Dalrymple with Mr. Philipps, and transformed Miss McClure into Mrs. "Teddie" Younger, for both these took place in Edinburgh amid innumerable guests. A whole troop of girl guides, of which she is captain, augmented the eight official bridesmaids who supported Mrs. Younger. The Bridgemen (if Lord Bridgeman's sons will forgive me thus condensing them) have a habit of losing their hair rather early in life, though paradoxically are of most equable temper. The other accepted implication, that of braininess, has been abundantly proved by their prowess at Eton and elsewhere.

There is still so much to tell you, such as who are up for the season launching daughters—Lord and Lady Rosslyn can be found in Onslow Gardens (in a house I mean, not camping out!), for Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine's benefit—but I have over-occupied my space and can do no more than say *à tantôt*.—Love, EVE.

P.S.—Just as this goes to press, I am shocked by the news of Captain Scott-Douglas' accident whilst playing polo. He and Lady Blanche were very popular and the deepest sympathy is extended to her by the many friends who will feel his death acutely.



MR. AND MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE AT A PACIFIC BIRD FARM

Parrots are no respecters of ex-Presidents of the United States or of anyone else, and this macaw at the William Wrigley Bird Farm in Catalina Island in the Pacific may be friendly disposed, but . . . !

Another is the Duchess of Sutherland, whose tall figure and beautiful face we had to do without while she was away on her five months' trip to India. One who we can welcome back here is Lady Craigavon, the wife



AT THE RANELAGH HORSE AND PONY SHOW

Sir Archibald Weigall, Lady Hunloke, wife of Sir Philip Hunloke, "Britannia's" famous racing coxswain, and Lady Ebrington. Sir Archibald Weigall's five-year-old bay gelding, Radiant, was reserve in the Ladies' Hacks' Open Class



Arthur Owen



Arthur Owen

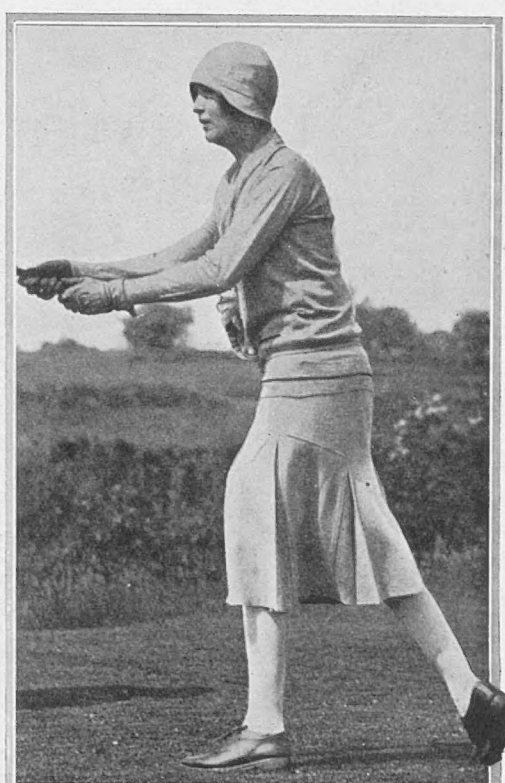


AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW

MRS. FINNEY AND LORD GOUGH

THE HON. DIANA FELLOWES AND MISS PEGGY COLLEY AND MASTER PETER COLLEY
MISS MARJORIE LEIGH

Richmond opened in King's weather last week and if there is a pleasanter spot when things are this way in which to view some of the best expressions of the noble animal, the horse, some of us have yet to find it. The first day was devoted principally to the Hacks and Harness classes, and there was so much quality and quantity in both that the judges had a hard time. Lord Gough, who is seen with Mrs. Finney, commands the Irish Guards. The Hon. Diana Fellowes, who is with Sir John Leigh's pretty daughter, is Lord de Ramsey's sister. The two "jockeys" on the right seem very eager for the fray



LADIES PARLIAMENTARY GOLF AT WALTON HEATH

LADY CHOLMONDELEY

MRS. ROBERT FLEMING (THE COMMONS CAPTAIN) AND LADY CARISBROOKE (THE LORDS CAPTAIN)

LADY BETTY BUTLER

The Lords v. Commons Ladies match last year was won by the Lords, but this year the Commons came back in force and won by 11 to 6 with three games halved. The contest was first inaugurated in 1912 and was then won by the Lords, but they have won only three times since, last year's success being a bit of a surprise to their doughty opponents. Lady Cholmondeley, who is seen playing one in the rough, won her match against Mrs. C. Micklam, and Lady Betty Butler hers against Mrs. S. Hankey

The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE

A Holiday Article

PARIS is a city which one likes despite, or perhaps because of its faults. The pen with which I write this is worse than any to be found even in an English post office, and the blotting-paper has not been changed since I occupied this bedroom a year ago. I know, because I can recognize an old signature, and remember that the blotting-paper was dirty then. It is not dirtier now; it could not be. But the hotel is clean, though not to that horrid degree connoted by the word "scrupulous." There is, at least, none of that horrid *confort moderne* about it, the sort of thing which Mr. Arnold Bennett preaches as Elysium, or next door to it. And then I adore the proprietress, an old maiden lady who looks as though she had come out of Balzac's "Le Cabinet des Antiques." Proust might have used her. Mademoiselle, for I know her by no other name, has been sitting at her little cash desk since the beginning of the century, always complaining cheerfully of the weather, the Government, the taxes, the exchange, and her rheumatism, but still the embodiment of French content. I should still recognize Paris without its obelisks, its triumphal arches, and its innumerable columns to this and that departed glory. But a live dog is better than a dead lion, and to see Mademoiselle is of more moment than the effigies of Louis and Napoleon. Their sun has set; hers still shines, and the time has not yet come when one could say that it shines wanly. On the whole I should call Mademoiselle rather a gay old thing, indescribably ancient, and bemuddled and bemitted and hung about with little gold chains, but still gay. Gaiety is the one trait of which the French will never cure themselves; and, indeed, to use the word "cure" in this connection is to betray the characteristic Anglo-Saxon phlegm. I was reading the other day one of D. H. Lawrence's last essays, that one which deals with London's inherent melancholy. That essay came very forcibly to mind as the train approached the Gare St. Lazare. I prefer that way because it is cheaper, less crowded, and more leisurely, thus discouraging that type of American who wants to "do" London and Paris in three days, and wipe up Brussels and Madrid before the end of the week. As you approach St. Lazare you skirt an enormous cemetery bringing to mind what the A. B. wrote in his diary: "I think what chiefly fascinates me about funerals is that it is not me in the corpidge." But we were talking about D. H. Lawrence. Now nobody, not even the French, can prevent a cemetery from being solemn, not to say dull. But at the far end of this gloomy place was an enormous wall upon which was emblazoned the sign "Jambon Cadillac." It was really some other name, but that will probably do. In these things it is the spirit that matters. The wall was part of a building, and on the return wall was another sign, "Saucisson Cadillac." It was as though, and as when, Charles Lamb said to the tombstone, "I am alive, I move about, I drink and eat the sausages and hams of Monsieur Cadillac. Know thy betters!" But there are some things in Paris which are not gay, and among these is to be reckoned the service in some restaurants. To-day one, or rather two, lunched in the Bois, not the wood of Boulogne, but that of Vincennes, the idea being to attend the aviation display. We found a delicious little place—by which I mean a large, rambling untenanted place. We peered about for a bit to find that everybody had deserted the restaurant and betaken himself to the edge of the lake or river, or whatever it is that flows through this landscape. This, according to your turn of mind, makes you think of the painter Renoir, or the writer Maupassant. Our meal was modest. *Hors d'œuvres*, including presumably the sausage of M. Cadillac, a sole *meunière*, a chicken, and the usual dessert. The cooking, the sunshine, and the bottle of Cos d'Estournel were alike perfect, but I give the reader my word that it took the establishment from a quarter-to-one to a quarter-past-three to serve this modest repast! However, one was on holiday and one was not pressed, as the old actor who was impersonating a waiter took occasion to remind one.

It was towards the end of this meal that I suddenly remembered that I had this article to write. And then the horrid fact began to come into my consciousness that I had not, before leaving London, seen a film upon which to deliver myself portentously and at length. Somehow or other I had not been in the mood for *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and I make readers my apology for an omission which I hope to repair next week. It is true that there had also been *Sergeant Grischa* to which I had determined to give the slip, as it were,

on the sly. And now I do not know for a certainty that I shall ever see this film. For I take Mr. Sydney Carroll as an admirable guide to the pictures, and one whom I would as willingly follow as any. Mr. Carroll does not bother himself very greatly about "screen values," "rhythmic planes," "ideated impressionism," and all the rest of the silly jargon which brings so much of film criticism into line with modern art criticism. But there is a good

deal of horse sense about my doughty colleague, and opening my "Sunday Times" I read the following:

If I had a dog that always put its tail between its legs I would call it "Sergeant Grischa." For it would remind me of one of the greatest curs I have ever seen in human form on the films. Whatever moral the deviser and director of this gloomy, pestilential bit of nonsense, adapted indifferently from Arnold Zweig's story, had in view, I don't know. I cannot see what good object there can be in showing an American-voiced Russian giving a series of alternate exhibitions as a cry-baby, a coward, and a self-centred shirker, geared up at last into calmly facing death at the hands of a firing squad. For my own part I was glad to see *Grischa* finished.

For me that settles it. I know now that I shall not see this film. It also settles one question which has long perplexed me. Is film criticism of any practical value? Do people go to a film or stay away from it because it is praised or condemned in the papers? Well, here is a case of one critic who has, on the strength of a single notice, kept away at least one person from visiting a film.

However, I must be getting to my muttons as the French very nearly say. If returning, why not getting, in the first instance? I determined to spend the rest of this glorious afternoon at some French cinema. Which? With comparative ease I declined the chance of seeing Clara Bow in *Amour des Gosses*. Nor did I seem to care much about *Visages Oubliés* with Clive Brook, or even *Le Chien des Baskervilles*. There was a slightly too familiar ring about all three. So I went haphazard to the Cinéma de la Madeleine where a year or so ago I saw the ever-exquisite and never-to-be-forgotten *Ombres Blanches*, known over in England as *White Shadows*. The first film told the story, half comic and half sentimental, to which the cinema has wholly accustomed us, the story of the eternal triangle, the passionate crime, the trial, the acquittal, and the reunion of two hearts never more to be separated. Only, in this ultra-Parisian case, the film was acted entirely by dogs! The judge was a bloodhound, sombre, melancholy, and all-wise, and he was superb! The wife, too, who committed the murder, was the most life-like little lady-dog imaginable! The main piece of the afternoon was a thriller, and I must confess to having slept as soundly as if I had been at home. So here, with apologies to my readers, this week's contribution must end. *La semaine prochaine je promets d'être plus sérieux!*



Ernest A. Bachrach

EVELYN BRENT IN "FRAMED"

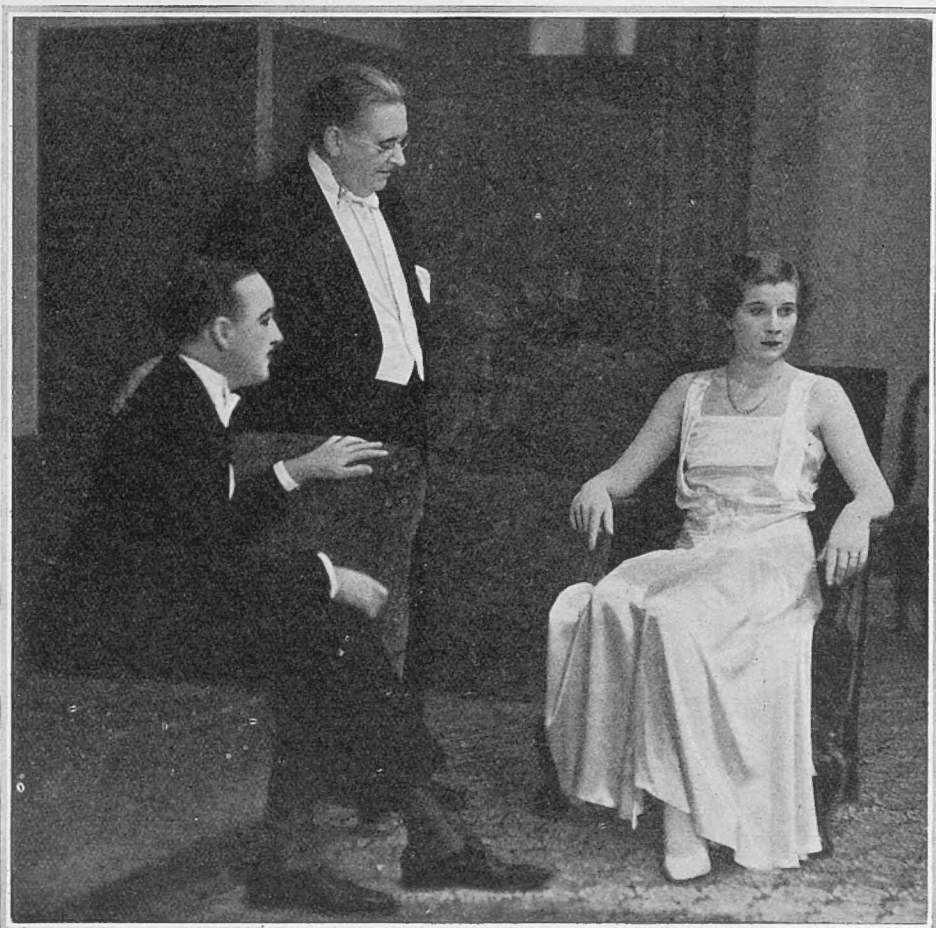
The new picture, "Framed," as its title indicates, has something to do with the murky underworld, and ought to be one right into this clever lady's hands as she revels in this sort of thing, as witnessed "Midnight Molly," "Forbidden Cargo," "The Queen of Diamonds," etc.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxiv

TWO PLAYS OF THE MOMENT



POLLARD CROWTHER
PEGGY CHALFONT (MISS DIANA WYNYARD)
IN "PETTICOAT INFLUENCE"



POLLARD CROWTHER
MR. FRANK ALLENBY (CHALFONT), SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR (LORD
DARNAWAY), AND MISS DIANA WYNYARD



STAGE PHOTO CO.
IN "THE COMMAND TO LOVE": MISS ISOBEL ELSOM
AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE



STAGE PHOTO CO.
MR. RONALD SQUIRE AND MISS YVONNE ARNAUD
(THE AMBASSADOR'S WIFE)

Mr. Neil Grant's smart and amusing play, "Petticoat Influence," now at the St. Martin's, revolves round the saying of one of its characters that "women's intuitions are invariably right, men's as invariably wrong; and so Providence taught men to reason." It is all about an amorous and rather ridiculous old Cabinet Minister who sets his eye on the beautiful wife of a youth for whom his patronage is sought. He believes that this young man is his wife's lover, and that an exchange of spouses would be a rather profitable deal. It does not come off. As to the other play, "The Command to Love," it would be called quite shortly in the Brigade of Guards "Idlin' Love Makin'," and there might be a recommendation to put Mr. Ronald Squire "in the book." The young man, the Marquis du Saint Lac has been told off to make love to the lovely wife of the War Minister of Tierra di Buena Esperanza (Miss Isobel Elsom) by his own Ambassador, but dare not do it because he is already the lover of the Ambassador's wife (Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud)

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

WHETHER the best colt won the Derby or not, undoubtedly the best filly won the Oaks, and what is more had won it all the way from the jump off. She will be hard to beat whenever she runs this year, and no one deserves a good one more than Lord Glanely, who has spent fortunes at the game, with a very slender measure of success the last few years.

Lindos Ojos, as I thought, was the first good two-year-old seen out this year, and she proved it by beating Pharian more easily than the verdict reads though drawn on the stand side. Miss Jinks from the same stable was as badly drawn but ran too green to overcome it, good as she may prove herself to be. One however that looks and is thought to be a smasher is Lady Ludlow's Quadrel, who won on a tight rein at Kempton. If his joints stand the strain he may make a name for himself. Boland Bibi who ran second is no slouch and is certain to win in the near future, possibly at Ascot, while Fred Darling's Cameronian is another very good one.

Travelling to Scotland on the Sunday night the restaurant-car dinner was deplorable to a degree. The soup was permeated with the devastating odour of a wet fox terrier, the same portion of synthetic fish was served time and



Dennis Moss
THE LATE CAPTAIN G. V.
SCOTT-DOUGLAS

Whose tragic death last week as the result of a polo accident at Templeton has caused widespread regret in the world of sport. The deepest sympathy is felt for his widow, Lady Blanche Douglas

must be roped in onto the race-courses to make the Totalizator pay, and they can only be attracted by cheap entrance and comfort amounting to luxury. As Mr. Fred Wilmot, who runs Lingfield so admirably, remarked, "We must compete with the super-cinemas which nowadays not only sell chocolates but provide finger-bowls." Without the attendance and betting-money of these countless thousands it is hard to see how the Tote can compete or the racing regular stand the drain. Interest on the capital and working expenses must come to very little short of £150,000 a year, which has to be found by the race-goer before any profit is shown. This would be a fleabite if all the s.p. money that hairdressers, porters, taxi-drivers, etc., at the present moment bet with the street bookmaker could legally be collected and "blown" down to the Tote.

The nomenclature of horses has always been an interesting study, and many of them are extremely apt and witty, while some are fatuous and some close to the knuckle. Lord Penrhyn's Hard and Fast, by Rockflint—Passion, was a clever one a year or two ago. Oh for a Monocle must come in the second category even for a one-eyed horse, and a horse of the late Mr. Gilpin comes in the third. There is said to be a certain

amount of ill-feeling at the moment about the naming of a horse, but it is unlikely, in fact impossible, as there can be no connection intended. Ascot week will have started by the time this appears, with its dreadful air of opulence that leads one under the influence of lunch in one of the soldier tents, and a cigar as big as an umbrella, to bet in ten times one's ordinary stakes. There are several cardinal points to remember at Ascot besides the fact that odds-on favourites nearly always get beat, and they are as follows:

(1) The straight course is about the most severe in England.

(2) Horses drawn the stand side have an incalculable advantage over those drawn on the far side.

(3) Horses that have had a hard race at Epsom haven't got over it by Ascot.

Probably the best races to bet on are the two-year-old races and the long-distance races. In the former the form two-year-old saved on and the market pointer betted on generally shows a profit, while in the latter there are so few horses in England that get the trip that the class horse who can stay is the proposition, whatever his weight in reason. It is however a pity that there is no two-year-old selling race at Ascot for the last race on the Friday, as I feel sure we could rely on Stanley Wootton or Victor Smyth to get us all out, and save us that generally sweltering trip to Windsor on the Saturday.



C. RAY

Diolite's jockey in the Derby, who has been given the nickname of "Gandhi" by his brother "professors." Diolite failed to put salt on Blenheim's tail in the Derby, but some think there may be another story in the Leger

again that had never been touched, and the cold ham ordered in despair had been hewn from the solid pig without even being prevented, let alone cured. It was these adverse circumstances, which make fellows of us all, that prompted my *vis-à-vis* to lend me his weekly paper, of which he at once proceeded to retail the contents. The personally recounted thrilling doings of duck-hearted Dalilah he passed over lightly, the Epsom murder had a more than passing interest for him, the garrotting of a fellow Pict who was left his sixpence (presumably for fear it should go bang), intrigued him slightly, but it was the racing news that absorbed his entire entity. Barring the exact position of all the personal pronouns he had got the whole thing by heart; he had picked three out of the first four home for the Derby and yet he had never never been on a race-course or seen a race-horse. These are the people who



LORD ADARE

Who is far better remembered by quite a number of people as Dickie Wyndham - Quin. He is Lord Dunraven's son; was in the 12th Lancers and in their polo team

THE ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW



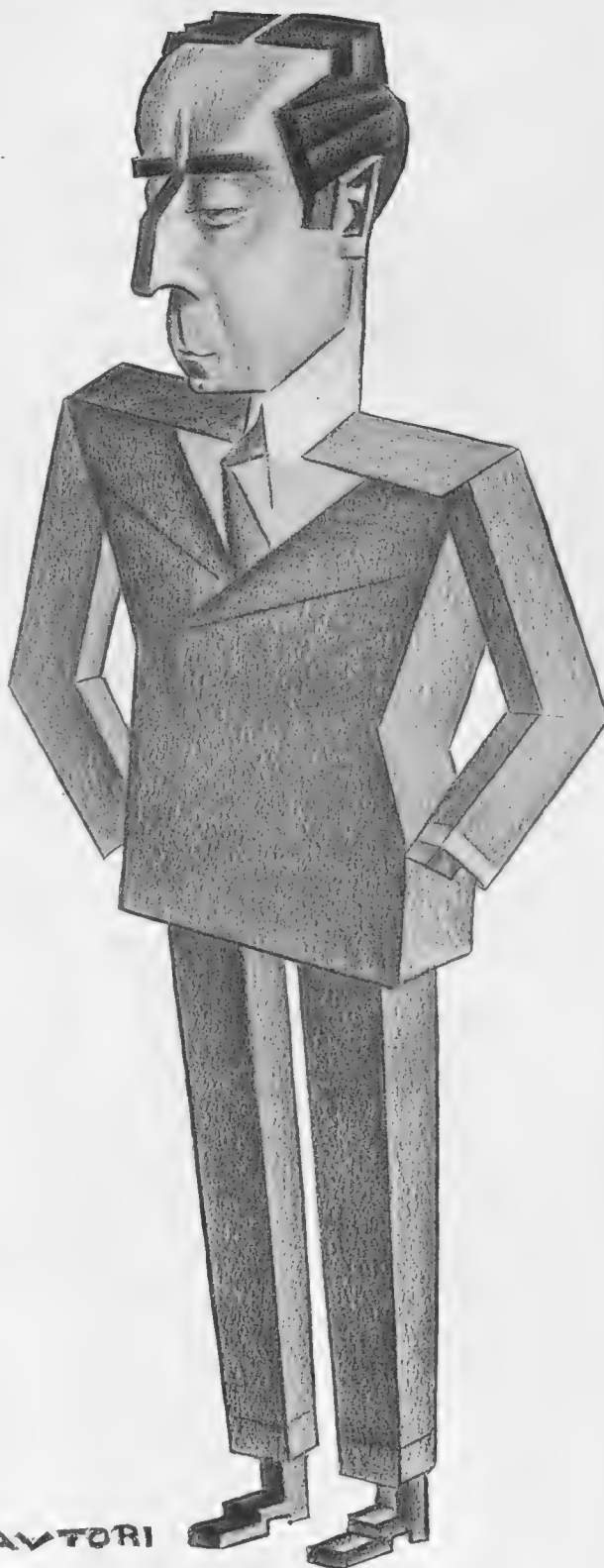
SOME OF THE OFFICIALS AT READING—BY FRED MAY

The Royal Counties Show, which was a four-day fixture, was held this year at Reading, and with big entries in which class predominated and first-class weather, to say nothing of good management and staff work, it would have been a miracle if it had not been a bumper success. A little guide or catalogue of those in this interesting gallery is this: Mr. Leonard Sutton, of seed fame, was the President; the Duke of Wellington a judge, as also was Mr. R. H. R. Palmer, a great friend of another celebrity, Mr. Huntley; Mr. E. M. Sturges, who was for many years the hon. secretary of the Garth Hunt; Mr. Walter Fryer, who is now the hon. secretary of the Berks and Bucks Staghounds; and Mr. Percy Colebrook, who was the hon. local secretary and a judge

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Sincerity.

MOST people are sincere; but, as most of them are also inconsistent, intimate human relations are never very easy-going. What looks perfectly right to us on Monday may also look terribly wrong to us on Tuesday. Which, of course, upsets all the people we met on Monday to distraction. And equally annoys us when we meet these same people on Tuesday. For we change from day to day and nearly always each change seems to us to be the final one. Only it isn't! At least, not if we have any independence of mind at all. Which, perhaps, is why relations are often such "cramping" company. They remember so many of our past "unshakable" convictions, and always they hurl them back at us when these convictions, having wobbled, we are in process of rebuilding them differently on what at the moment we again believe to be everlasting foundations. The trouble is, however, that every change is brought about to the accompaniment of complete sincerity. We are wiser now, we say to ourselves. Which, probably, we are. But we thought we had reached ultimate wisdom years ago, and it is disconcerting to realize that quite often we have mentally performed a complete *volte-face*. On the other hand it is equally disconcerting to own, after a life of universally acclaimed originality and cleverness, that happiness nevertheless lies for the most part simply in the fulfilment of the platitudes. Those youthfully despised things! Equally, on the other hand, the person who never changes his views at all but sticks relentlessly to his early mental fetishes is just about the most uninspiring company imaginable. "Dead" at thirty-five, too many people are! The really exasperating knowledge, however, is that most of us dare not now deny the views which once upon a time we used to declaim loudly from the house-tops. We are frightened of having the past thrown up against us, so to speak. It makes us appear inconsistent and insincere when, as I wrote above, most of us are terribly sincere though terribly inconsistent. Which, of course, is as it should be. Only the "dead," who pride themselves upon never changing, throw our self-contradiction at us as if it were something to be ashamed of, instead of a sign of being mentally and spiritually progressive. Those staunch upholders of an Ancient Tradition, which they continue to accept without criticism, like to preen themselves upon their rooted wisdom, whereas they are too often merely clogs on the wheels of progress. Life is continuously a series of fresh beginnings; or should be if we are to rank as being vitally and actively alive. And so it always is in reality,



MR. RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE

Who is sole proprietor of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. As the son of the late Mr. Richard D'Oyly Carte he was born and bred in the whole atmosphere of Savoy Opera, and he has treated it as lovingly as a family heirloom. Not only has he preserved the honoured traditions but he has given us new settings, both in dress and decoration, which are even more delicate and appropriate than at the Old Savoy. Since 1919 there have been several successful London seasons at the Princes Theatre, and more recently at the newly constructed Savoy Theatre. Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte is also chairman of the Savoy Hotel, Limited

only too many people haven't the moral courage to begin over again openly. So they hang the more tenaciously on to an outlived formula; denying that criticism of the past is not the most hopeful sign of a better future—which indeed it is. Even in the affairs of everyday life sincerity is a virtue with a "catch" in it. The person you loved so truthfully years ago you are now indifferent to with equal sincerity. Nevertheless, should you own to this new indifference you would be branded as the veriest hypocrite—an undependable person; fickle, false, and self-centred. Whereas, if the truth be known, you are only being natural and very sincere. Love asks for sincerity but hates it when it gets it, unless always it be accompanied by the hypocrisy of a presentation nosegay. One of the heroines of Mr. John Erskine's witty and amusing and somewhat uncomfortable story, "An Experiment in Sincerity" (Putnam. 7s. 6d.), tried to be consistently sincere, and landed herself and her husband in many arid years of sad experience, which nevertheless were undeniably profitable to them both. Her name was Isobel. She was a writer. She had a good husband and a good home, but being sincere with herself she realized that these are not enough. Not if you want really to live and to become wise. So she published anonymously an article declaring that to be always surrounded by peace and happiness, fidelity and affection, is the most cramping, soporific state in which to live; briefly, a direct short-cut towards emotional apathy and dullness. To his wife, her husband, who read the article, pretended fury. The woman did not know when she was well off he declared. Yet, not knowing she had written it, he wrote asking the writer to meet him. He told her that he completely understood her point of view. The letter was of course forwarded on to Isobel, who was naturally infuriated. It is sometimes comforting to feel that love has been a disappointment, but it is an insult to know that between you and your lover the disappointment has become mutual. So Isobel left her husband. Which act threw him into the arms of her best woman-friend, Mary, who, while not wanting to hold him, as neither did he want particularly to be held, drifted into an embrace which endured so long that most people grew to believe that they were really man and wife. Meanwhile Isobel found most of the disagreeable experiences for which she sought. She went through that rough time, those many bitter disillusion, which alone are the happy foundation upon which an appreciation of peace and happiness, fidelity and affection, can grow securely. Most of which experiences, too, were shared by her husband and Mary.

(Continued on p. 538)

MISTIMED! By George Belcher



Vicar: How did you get that black eye, Mrs. Green?

Mrs. Green: Well, sir, me 'usband came out of prison last Toosday, which was 'is birthday, and I wished 'im many 'appy returns!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

So, in the end, life for all three of them returned to its *status quo*, and they lived without undue resentment of the past in that state of peaceful truce which, in youth, we refuse to believe to be anything more than the second best. It is a witty, cynical, but most entertaining story. It however shows the danger of being consistently sincere when safety really lies in being sincere only at the beginning, and a polite hypocrite ever afterwards. This "Experiment in Sincerity" is a novel very well worth reading, but it is a novel, nevertheless, which so often strips humanity of its more pleasing ornamentations that lots of readers will, I am sure, disapprove of it highly. They don't like emotions regarded cynically. Emotions, as a rule, cannot endure the test. They require to be seen through rose-coloured spectacles and then locked up and put away.

One of the Best War Books.

It is this vein of cynicism which makes Mr. Henry Williamson's new book, "The Patriot's Progress" (Bles. 10s. 6d.), among the three best war books I have ever read. It gives us the tragedy, the horror, the pitifulness of war—clearer, perhaps, than any book dealing purely with one man's experiences; but it also, and in a subtle way, shows us the ghastly callousness and uselessness which too often brings down the curtain on the sacrifice and clap-trap of patriotic ardour. Moreover it has another virtue. It is not too long. One does not become almost as weary of the war, as the background of a story, as one became weary of it in actuality. It gives us the essence of a soldier's experience without padding it out with a superfluity of beastliness and vulgarity. Yet the tragic effect is positively haunting. If you had decided never to read another war book, nevertheless read this one. It contains every soldier's experience, though it seeks to portray only one man's. And it leaves behind it something more than the feeling of horror and pity and shame. It leaves one angry—angry against war. It leaves one also angry against people who find in war anything finer than a supreme human disgrace. Yet the book does not stress even this point of view. It is a work of art. It is the only war book I ever want to read again among the many I have read.

Paul Robeson.

When one considers the white "trash" which preens itself upon walking out of any hotel and restaurant when a Negro walks into them, one can understand Mrs. Robeson proudly calling her delightful story of her husband's life, "Paul Robeson, Negro" (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). I suppose race prejudice and class prejudice will be the last prejudices to go, simply because they are usually founded upon the Greater Pompousness. Yet I believe that just what a man *is* will eventually be his pass of admittance into any future society. It is the only pass which sensible people should take into consideration. It is the only pass which sensible people ever do. Therefore Mrs. Robeson is to be congratulated upon the downrightness of her title. Paul Robeson is a negro and he is proud of the fact. Or rather he is not ashamed of it, which is the more dignified form of racial pride. He is a man of the highest education; a great singer, a great actor, a very great artist. Even the magnetism of his personality emerges from the pages of his wife's engaging book of memoirs. The Robesons have a great record among negroes in America. The elder Robeson was a Presbyterian minister, whose own mother and father were slaves. Paul Robeson is the youngest of eight children. The devotion and friendship between his father and himself is one of the happiest

periods, beautifully described in this slight but very charming story. Mr. Robeson's progress through Rutgers and Columbia University, through the law schools, to the concert platform and the stage was one of almost easy-going triumph. It is the simple life-story of a splendid man and a great artist told with a simplicity which is delightful. Mrs. Robeson even makes us understand her husband's personal popularity; how everywhere he goes he makes friends, and this quite apart from his great gifts. Everyone who reads this book will also become his friend. They could not help themselves. She gives us the picture of a man whom success has not spoiled in even the smallest degree; a man who has remained lovable and simple in spite of triumphs which have come to him with extraordinary ease. He was born with the gift of acting and with the gift of song. But also he was born with that even rarer gift—the gift of magnetic personality; a gift moreover which he has never abused to his own self-advertisement. This book makes one honour Paul Robeson the more, and helps us to believe, as he does, in the future greatness of his race.

Hell.

Hell, I suppose, is in reality the place to which we consign all those who disagree with us in Faith's fundamentals, or whom we otherwise dislike. Yet I know no one with whom intimacy is more difficult than with those who still believe in the conventional Hell and the equally conventional Heaven. I myself don't believe in either, and so in their presence I am more especially tongue-tied. Nevertheless it is always interesting to hear the varied opinions concerning what will eventually happen to the Bad and to the Good in the next world. A little book has recently been published called "What Is the Real Hell" (Cassell. 3s. 6d.), in which thirteen writers have contributed their beliefs. Mr. Hay Morgan, one of them, recollects an old woman confessing that she did not think preachers believed half they said about Hell; otherwise, they would go mad at the thought of so long a torment for so many of their kind. Personally, however, I do not think many of them would, because the person who believes in everlasting agony does in his heart of hearts rather enjoy the idea. He considers that so many people merit it, mostly because they are not as he is. All the same, the modern weakening of belief in either everlasting torment or everlasting joy will receive

a shock in this little book. Dean Inge in his essay insists that it is ridiculous to believe in Heaven if, at the same time, you disbelieve in Hell: "If the superior smile with which the mention of Hell is received by our modern guides is only part of a plan to banish fear from religion, and to paint God as a good-natured and easy-going ruler, it is necessary to protest that this is not the Christian religion." On the other hand, Sir Oliver Lodge insists that an unending despair is out of harmony with all experience, for nothing remains static in the universe. Abbot Butler deals with "Hell and Purgatory," and the doctrine of each as proclaimed by the Catholic Church. And so it goes on. One may, indeed, take one's choice almost. In the end I suppose most of us will still hold our own belief. Nevertheless it is an interesting book, if only because it airs the varied points of view of thirteen highly intelligent men. Among them, Professor Irwin's essay on "The Pagan's Hell" is perhaps the most unusual as also it is the most thought-compelling.

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. vi of this issue



Peter Hasefer

Husband: Yes—an' if I 'ad any money to do it with
I'd disin'erit me ole woman

ON THE GLENEAGLES HOTEL LINKS



LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH



MR. RONALD WILSON, MR. RAYMOND DE TRAF-
FORD, MR. IAN MENZIES, LADY PORTARLINGTON,
AND MR. A. WILSON-FILMER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. JAMES CAMPBELL



MISS BETTY KINDERSLEY AND MR. J. P.
PHILIPPS



MISS AVIS CAYZER, CAPTAIN NORTHEY, AND
MISS ENA BORLAND



CAPTAIN AND MRS. REGINALD
PAGET

It ought to be fine for the rest of the year if there is any truth at all in the old saw about a wet Whitsun, for up Gleneagles way, like everywhere else, the sun was 100 per cent. good. The famous links, nearly the best in all the Highlands, were crowded, and the camera blazing into the brown collected this very representative bag of well-known people. Lord Balfour of Burleigh is a major on the General List and served all through the war—four mentions and wounded. Lady Portarlington was formerly Miss Yuill, and Mrs. James Campbell was the Princess Galitzine. Miss Betty Kindersley, who is a daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Kindersley, and Mr. J. P. Philipps are to be married almost at once (June 24). He is a son of Sir Laurence Philipps, and his brother married Lady Marion Dalrymple on the 10th. Miss Avis Cayzer is a daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Cayzer, who was a son of the first baronet. Captain Northey is in the Cameronians

Photographs by Balmain

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Aerial Objectives.

PERPETUAL motion is the key to perpetual emotion, and consequently it is one of the most popular forms of activity to-day. The age when people spent their lives contemplating the verities has passed and in its stead we have the age when people spend their lives contemplating the velocities either on the face of a speedometer or of an air-speed indicator; the age of Mr. Wyndham Lewis' "velocitous aeroliths," the age, in short—for one must come to the point some time even in the worst regulated article—of the aeroplane. People have discovered that coming and going are better than stopping and staying; they are not here to-day and gone to-morrow, they are eternally on the move. Dullness comes to him who waits, and those also are bored who only stand and wait. We must go and come, depart and return, leave and arrive; nothing must make us stand still for he who vegetates is lost.

But there still remains the problem of the objective. There must be somewhere to go to and to leave. And for the aeroplane pilot the objectives where may be found the bare necessities of life, that is a bed and a bar, are difficult to discover. That is one reason why air pageants are of use. They provide objectives for a day's run; they furnish opportunities for greetings, meetings, and eatings. Let there therefore be pageants, but let their organizers beware how they encourage the general public to attend them. The semi-private air pageant ought to become a recognized form of social activity during the summer, but there should be only a few public pageants and those should be organized with the greatest care to ensure that they do in reality provide a spectacle. The Bristol pageant was a model so far as the organization was concerned. Everything that could be done to give the public a fine spectacle was done, and the aerodrome control was the most efficient I have seen and enabled a record number of aircraft to be handled with despatch and safety. It was the greatest misfortune that from the moment Prince George's car began to drive round the enclosures prior to the official opening to the end of the pageant, it poured with rain and low



THE HON. LADY BAILEY

Talking to the manager of the Château d'Ardennes, which is now a wonderful country club with its own aerodrome



GLIDING: HERR ROBERT KRONFELD AND CAPTAIN C. N. NEEDHAM

At the London Gliding Club at Itford, near Lewes, where Captain Needham was the first Englishman to secure his "C" gliding licence on English soil. Herr Kronfeld is the German gliding expert



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SQUADRON-LEADER DON

At Haldon Aerodrome, Devon, just after H.R.H. had flown from Padstow, where he played golf. H.R.H. is not only a keen aviator but an efficient pilot

clouds and mist made the weather conditions as bad as they could be. Had it not been for the atrocious weather I am of the opinion that the Bristol pageant would have set an entirely new standard in civil air pageants, and would have been the best we have had since the war. Even as it was there was some good flying. Captain Broad and Mr. Thorn in a Gypsy Moth and a Hermes Avian, gave displays of aerobatics which were so satisfying to watch that they temporarily banished the discomfiture caused by the rain. The Bristol Aerial Derby provided a close finish, and was won by Squadron-Leader Probyn in his Genet Widgeon, while Mr. Bartlett was second in his Cirrus Moth, and Mr. Uwins third in his Bristol

Bulldog. Squadron-Leader Probyn received from Mr. Handley Page, who presented the prizes in the evening, the largest and most imposing cup that has been seen in air racing.

Château d'Ardennes.

There is one other kind of aerial objective in addition to the air pageant which is now becoming popular. It is the country club. The Parnham air rally was mentioned in these notes the other day, and since then there has been another rally at the Château d'Ardennes where a private aerodrome has been established. Many pilots went from Heston to this beautiful château, among them Mr. Nigel Norman and his sister. The aerodrome has the disadvantage of being highest in the middle and sloping towards the edges, so that care has to be exercised when coming in to avoid over-shooting; but otherwise it is an excellent aerodrome, and no doubt many British pilots will fly to it during the summer. The rates at the Château, if I remember rightly, are 120 Belgian francs a day, food included, which is cheap considering the surroundings, the comfort of the place itself, and the opportunities for all kinds of outdoor exercise which it offers.

The increase in really attractive aerial objectives will assist in increasing the number of private owners. Indeed it seems already to be having that effect. The number has increased from 191 to 239 within the last few weeks, which is probably the most rapid increase there has yet been. The resistance which private aeroplane ownership has been fighting against for so long shows signs at last of breaking down. If only landing fees were abolished, and housing fees and certificate of airworthiness fees were reduced, there might be that boom which we have all been waiting for so anxiously.

(Continued on p. xxviii)

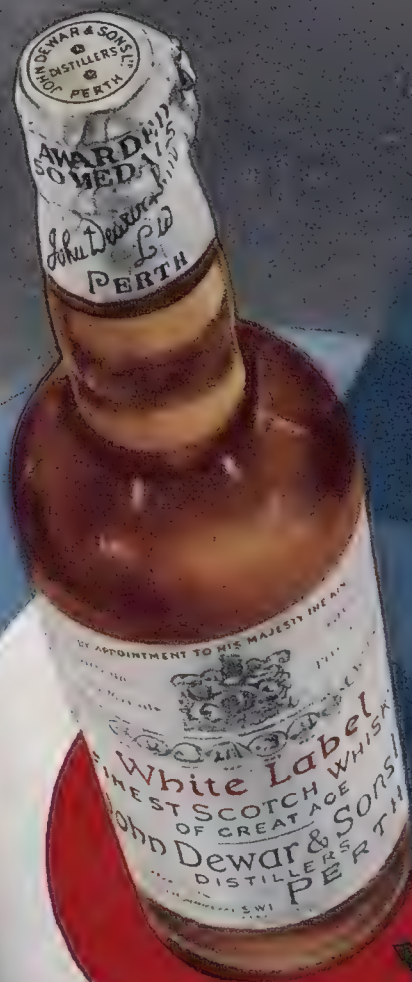
ATHOS, PORTHOS, D'ARTAGNAN, AND ARAMIS



BRIG.-GENERAL CRAWLEY DE CRESPIGNY, BRIG.-GENERAL T. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY,
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR DAVID CAMPBELL, AND BRIG.-GENERAL GEORGE PAYNTER

A famous quartette indeed, and of them perhaps the fighting "D'Artagnan," Lieut.-General Sir David Campbell, stands out, for he won the Grand National on The Soarer, owned by the sportsman who is to-day Lord Wavertree, in 1896, and he is still riding winners, and going as hard as when he was a subaltern in the 9th Lancers. Sir David Campbell is G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot. Brig.-General George Paynter formerly commanded the Scots Guards and the Regimental District, and is one of the hardest men to hounds in all England.

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FAMILY PORTRAITURE

Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones and her Children



SUSAN GETS BUSY

Evidently Mrs. Robert Armstrong-Jones, among her other accomplishments, is a very good gardener, for these pictures of her, and her children, Susan and Antony, were not taken in the country, as might well be imagined, but at her house in Eaton Terrace. Mrs. Armstrong-Jones was formerly Miss Anne Messel and is a sister of clever Mr. Oliver Messel, who makes such magnificent masks. Her husband is the only son of Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, the distinguished physician and surgeon

*Photographs by Miss Compton Collier,
West End Lane*





Mlle. MIRIELLE PERREY

Mannell

The celebrated French actress, who is in the new musical production at the London Hippodrome, "Sons of Guns," due June 25, which had a successful trial trip at the Empire, Liverpool

TRÈS CHER.—If the Serpentine or the Round Pond rose and overflowed. I imagine the ducks and the park-keepers (to say nothing of the nannies and their brats), could not be more amazed than were the peaceful inhabitants of Chevreuse when l'Yvette—that mere puddle-and-trickle of a stream—suddenly swamped them out of hearth and home. I have a great weakness for the vallée de Chevreuse, especially the St. Lambert end near the ruins of the old abbey of Port-Royal, which was destroyed in 1710. A peaceful and tranquil spot if ever there was one, and the more extraordinarily so because it is so near Paris. A mere half-hour's run via Versailles. It is somewhat off the beaten track; too near Paris for the Sunday automobilist and too far for the pedestrian. The train and motor-bus services stop at the other end of the valley, and therefore at St. Lambert one has the strange experience of being greeted amiably by the unsophisticated natives, while the children actually "bob" when spoken to. It is the tiniest hamlet. Perhaps thirty houses in all. There is an orphanage run by a charitable institution and also a boys' school. Between the two is the smallest *mairie* (town hall). I have ever seen. So convenient for marrying the orphans when they grow up, and a little farther on the church (to set the seal of holiness on the ceremony performed by the State), and yet a little farther a cemetery planted with solemn yews. In fact all the conveniences of life (and death) in a limited and most picturesque area. If you ever pass that way stop at the little rustic restaurant that is well-named Bon Accueil; it is run by M. and Madame Guittard (unless they too have been washed down the valley . . . though this is not likely, for St. Lambert is higher than St. Rémy, where most damage was done), who will give you a right royal (a port-royal) welcome, and really such excellent food.

Such a success as had the British mayors when they went to the reception held in their honour at the Interalliée wearing fancy dress.—I mean their official robes. Such gorgeousness. The mininettes who gathered on the sidewalk to see them enter were decidedly dazzled, so were the guests, but their comments were less outspoken. I think, however, that it is Mr. Charles William Beardsley, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, who has really made his mark over here, and this was when he

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

visited the Gare du Nord and was introduced to the wonderful new locomotive that daily averages 100 kilometres per hour between Paris and Lille. "Fine machine," said his Lordship, and climbed into the cab. A second later the great machine glided away . . . but only for a few yards; before the on-lookers could open their mouths to yell in amazement at the terrific *faux pas* made by a French locomotive in running away with a British Lord Mayor the engine was reversed and brought back to position. Mr. Beardsley alighted smiling, and reminded the amazed officials that for many years he had been an engine-driver on the London, Scottish, and Midland. You cannot imagine, Très Cher, how this story—told by d'Artigny—has appealed to the French public.

Sad news. Paris is going to lose Spinelly for quite a while. She is off for an extensive tour in South America. She is taking out a company of actors and actresses who are all well known in Paris, for she wisely believes in being well supported. Her leading man is Jean Dubucourt, who created the rôle of the Englishman in Alfred Savoir's *Le Dompteur ou l'Anglais tel qu'on le mange*, which was produced in London last year; more recently still he played Captain Stanhope in the French version of *Journey's End* which was given in Paris by Camille C. Wyn, the well-known producer. Spi is taking out nineteen plays in all; one of them, *l'Ogresse*, will be a new creation, but most of them are her old successes, and will of course include such comedies as *Kiki* and *l'Ecole des Cocottes*, both of which were played in London by Gladys Cooper. Actually Spi is having a huge success in *l'Amour à l'Américaine* at the Palais Royal, a broad comedy in which she is most amusing but that I do not particularly like . . . this probably shows my rotten taste, for they play it to packed houses every night. "*Tant mieux*," says I, knowing the langwidge.

Do you know what a marvellously grand old man was the late Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims. Only a few months before his death, and in spite of his already frail health, he accepted to make his first flight with a young aviator who offered to "take him up and show him the cathedral from above." He was childishly pleased, and not in the slightest degree nervous. When he was brought safely to earth and his friends crowded round he assured them that he was "delighted to have had a glimpse of that which he hoped to see through-out eternity"; then he went on to say how greatly he thanked God for having allowed him to live in an age of such progress.—With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MADAME ELEN BOTT

A strange cubistic portrait by the Polish artist, Madame Tamara de Lempicka, who has a studio in Paris. The cubistic skyscrapers make a very suitable background to a subject treated in this ultra-modern manner

*Clarence Sinclair Bull*

A GREAT FILM ACTRESS, MISS GRETA GARBO

The great film actress has a big opportunity as Eugene O'Neill's tragic little heroine in "Anna Christie," whose story has now been transferred to the film. The play was produced at the Strand Theatre in London, with Miss Pauline Lord in the part of Anna, with Mr. George Marion as her drunken old father, and Miss Mildred Beverley as Marthy, the hag who lived with him and recognised what Anna was when she arrived on the water-front of New York—from the West—after years of separation from her father. Anna was a lady of the oldest profession. How a shipwreck and a fog brought Mat Burke to Anna and how she tells him and her father what she had been and what she was no longer, are poignant incidents in this very strongly dramatic story

IN THE WHIT SUN!



ALL AT COWES: LORD LAMINGTON, MRS. DRUMMOND, LADY FITZWILLIAM, AND COLONEL DIGGLE



MR. AND MRS. PATON AND THEIR DAUGHTER



AT THE OAKS: LADY LAVERY AND MAJOR JACK COURTAULD IN THE Paddock



KEMPTON: MR. R. C. DAWSON AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. FITZGERALD



ALSO AT KEMPTON: LORD D'ABERNON AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON

The two groups at the top were taken during the further anxious trials of "Shamrock V" which have occasioned so much discussion and some misgiving. She sailed wonderfully well in her Whit Monday trial in a nice westerly sailing breeze and restored a good many people's confidence. On this occasion Mr. Paton's "Lulworth" was last. Major Jack Courtauld, who is seen with Lady Lavery, owns Silver Flare, the colt which ran fourth in the Derby and is engaged in the Leger. Mr. Dick Dawson is seen talking to the first resurrected "boater" of the present summer. This hat may yet regain its former place in the world's affections. Mr. Dick Dawson has trained the winners of two successive Derbies, Trigo and Blenheim

FROM ABROAD

AND AT HOME



LADY ADARE AND MISS CELIA PALMER



MRS. GLEN KIDSTON AND HER SON ARCHIE



THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF EGLINTON



Walter Vickers

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MONTROSE, LADY MARY GRAHAM, THE MARQUESS OF GRAHAM, AND LADY JEAN GRAHAM



Poolc, Dublin

IN NORTHERN IRELAND: THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. MULHOLLAND AND PATRICIA

All the three pictures at the top of this page were taken at Le Touquet, where the sun for once was no better than it was in England, though it lapped over Whitsun, which it did not here. Lady Adare is Lord Dunraven's daughter-in-law. The Eglinton hounds were founded by the fourteenth Earl; the present peer being the sixteenth. The engagement of Lady Mary Graham, who is in the family group with her father and mother, to Mr. John Percival Townsend Boscawen was announced recently. The Hon. Henry Mulholland is Lord Dunleath's second son and was elected Speaker of the Ulster Parliament in 1926. The group was taken at the Speaker's House at Stormont, near Belfast

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Insult," at the Apollo,
and "De la Folie Pure,"
at the Victoria Palace



"LEGGO MY THROAT!"—MR. DAVID HORNE AND MR. LESLIE PERRINS

It is only a question of time in "Insult" before the Dutch Major goads the half-caste subaltern, in love with his tormentor's daughter-in-law, into doing something rash. The Lieutenant (brown) saw red and potted the white, and the Dutch Colonial Army lost a good soldier

Insult.

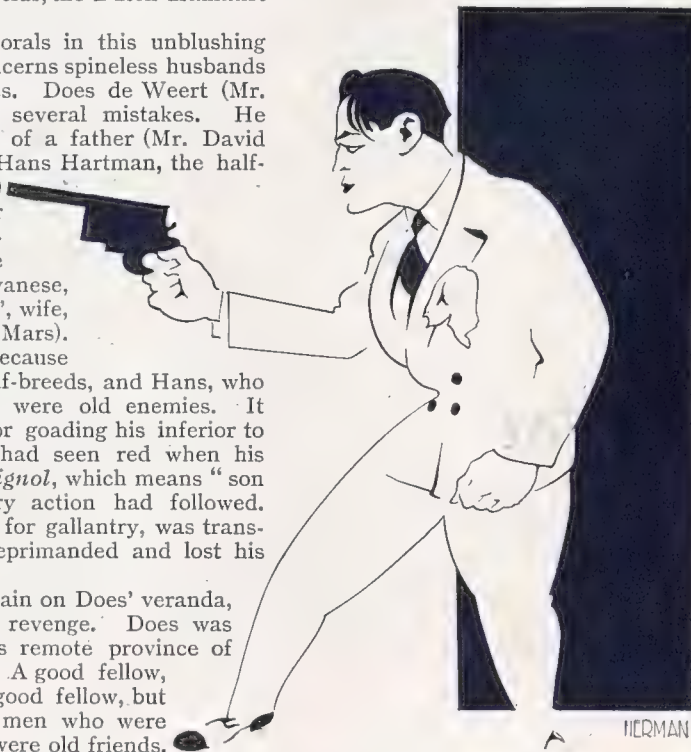
CAFÉ au lait is the wrong colour to be born East of Suez. In tropical outposts, where white men are tin gods, the Dago's life is no happier than Gilbert's policeman's. "Pity the poor half-caste," is the *motif* of *Insult*, adapted by J. E. Harold Terry and Harry Tighe from *Dolle Hans*, by Jan Fabricius, the Dutch dramatist of some renown.

There are several morals in this unblushing melodrama. The first concerns spineless husbands with pretty, spirited wives. Does de Weert (Mr. Denys Blakelock) made several mistakes. He told his military martinet of a father (Mr. David Horne) what Lieutenant Hans Hartman, the half-caste (Mr. Leslie Perrins) had just confessed under an oath of secrecy; namely, that he, Hans, whose grandmother was a Javanese, was in love with his, Does', wife, Jolanthe (Miss Marjorie Mars). Now that was foolish, because the Major, who hated half-breeds, and Hans, who couldn't help being one, were old enemies. It was a case of the superior goading his inferior to insubordination. Hans had seen red when his tormentor called him a *signol*, which means "son of a bitch." Disciplinary action had followed. Hans, already decorated for gallantry, was transferred; the Major was reprimanded and lost his promotion.

When the two met again on Does' veranda, the Major was ripe for revenge. Does was civilian controller of this remote province of the Dutch East Indies. A good fellow, but weak. Hans was a good fellow, but strong. Jolanthe liked men who were strong. She and Hans were old friends. Hans dropped in to tea every afternoon until the Major came. Does ought to have said, "Father, you are on leave and, like Hans, a guest in my house. Please do not put on your uniform and strut round the barracks spoiling for a fight as if you were the Governor-General.

Get back into mufti and try to forget you are a soldier with a grievance." Does ought to have taken a firm stand against his Government. Hans wanted him to, and so did Jolanthe, who adored firmness. But the Major chipped in as usual, and said that discipline was discipline, and orders were orders. With the result that the good Rajah of Pulumanik was indiscriminately deprived of his independence and forthwith joined forces with the three bad Rajahs who were deprived of theirs.

Act II opened with a superb thunderstorm whose bearing on the Home and Colonial situations was purely symbolic. It was one of those tropical touches which signify that trouble is brewing. Does, to Jolanthe's delight, announced his intention of accompanying the defence force (two subalterns and fifty rifles) against the warring sultans. Hans was on the point of doing likewise when Lieutenant Witte (Mr. John McCormick), arrived with orders for his "punitive transfer," a dirty piece of work engineered by the Major. If Does stuck to his revolver and marched with the military at noon-rise Jolanthe and Hans would be left together. The Major's moustache bristled like fixed bayonets as he denounced the folly of leaving one's wife to the tender mercies of a *signol* who had had the revolting impertinence to admit that he loved her. Whereupon Hans, the soul of honour where Jolanthe was concerned, tore off his two stars and threw them in his traducer's face. The Major, seeing more stars than two, placed him under arrest. Hans, just to make ruin doubly ruinous, flung his white tunic after the stars and made a dash for his enemy's throat. Does and the others managed to pull him off just as the Major was approaching strangulation, and Hans retired brokenly to the guardroom. Jolanthe, rising from her tears, followed him, saying that she was going to the man she had always loved. Which shows that one



MR. DENYS BLAKELOCK

As Does de Weert, threatening the major, his father, with an immense revolver for daring to suggest that it was unsafe to leave the half-caste alone with his wife. Does got killed, but with an unhappy ending to this topical tangle the lovers never got a chance



MISS MARJORIE MARS

As the Dutch wife who preferred the half-caste he-man to her white but wobbling husband. Love came, alas! too late

last. Miss Marjorie Mars saw to it that the comparatively few temperamental fireworks which came her way went off with a bang, and Mr. David Horne volleyed and thundered with a brutal bigotry calculated to dispose of half-a-dozen Young Woodleys.

De la Folie Pure.

La Vie Parisienne—la Vie Victoria. For 5s. 9d., including tax, you can sit in an orchestra stall at the Victoria Palace and polish up your French. *Avez vous soif mademoiselle? Garçon, donnez moi un cocky-tail.* . . . If Pimlico can't go to Paris, let Paris come to Pimlico. Or if Pimlico sounds a trifle derogatory substitute the Suburbs and/or the Provinces and there you have the popular appeal of Mr. Tom Arnold's anglicized version of *De la Folie Pure*, hot-foot from the Folies Bergère, in a nutshell. For Paris, according to all the best jokes about grass-widows, symbolizes the desire of the middle-class moth for the Continental star. One crowded night of glorious life in the City of Light sounds far more dashing than a long week-end at Brighton. And so, unless the comic papers are hopelessly wrong, the Folies Bergère is still a name to conjure with.

At the Victoria Palace a balance is fairly

should treat fathers roughly and tell them nothing.

When the guard-room door opened for the last time (Act III) to admit a pale and prostrate Jolanthe I, for one, felt that the Dutch Government were carrying the military penal code too far. A half-caste officer had struck his superior. The penalty was death. Hans was to be shot at dawn. Hans, who had refused his sergeant's plan for escape; who had forgiven the Major and shaken hands with him. Hans who, if the reprieve came as everybody expected, would be free to marry Jolanthe, for Does was dead, killed in action. Poor Hans. Thereprieve was refused. It wasn't fair.

Mr. Leslie Perrins in these last melancholy moments so skilfully combined the sacrifice of a Sydney Carton on the scaffold with the fortitude of a gallant gentleman cheated of life and love that one forgot the problems of colonial administration in the agonizing heroics of prime-cut melodrama. I doubt whether the tears of a sympathetic audience were any less frequent than the saluting of the two sergeants. Mr. Perrins struck the right note from first to

struck between decorum and *décolleté*. There is an abundance of honest-to-British slap-stick generously supplied by Mr. Charles Austin, Miss Nancy Blackwood, and Mister—or is it Master?—Ivor Vintnor as a working-class family seeing life in Paris on the proceeds of £1,000 won in a football competition. Passport photography, ticket-taking, sea-sickness on a rocking Channel-boat, the peculiarities of French as she is spoke, the frowardness of French ladies in a cocktail bar, a skit on "Sonny Boy," and fun in a theatrical agency are all grist to Mr. Austin's mill which harbours an unlimited store of paternal Parkerisms of the ripest vintage.

Spectacle scores in the best Folies Bergère traditions. The *chef d'œuvre* is a symbolic pageant of French chivalry from the Fleur de Lys days of Louis XIV to a flamboyant picture of the Napoleonic Apotheosis of Empire. Add a few rejuvenating touches of paint here and there and the scenic splendour would be complete.

For prettiness on a slighter scale one is offered a bevy of toe dancers who detach themselves from a massive floral structure, a glimpse of Venice and a Viennese idyll.

The Parisian touch is supplied by an octette of ravishing French mannequins whose best effort is a display of furriery, not to mention the female form divine, before a curtain made apparently of real fur, while the compère, Mr. Walter Williams, complete with smile, cane, and shiny top-hat, sings a chorus about twenty times without a semblance of boredom.

If Mr. Bateman wants a subject for his next TATLER picture I would suggest "The Tiller Girl who got out of Step." Mrs. Lawrence Tiller, a genius in her own right, will probably swoon when she sees it. There are thirty-two Miss Tillers at the Victoria Palace—sixteen Paris Casino girls, and sixteen Berlin Palast girls—and for pep, precision, and unanimity their equals would be hard to find.

To an audience brought up on variety, an apache dance on skates (ice), and other miraculous movements by Elsie and Paulsen provided the biggest thrill. The catalogue concludes with Miss Glen Ellyn's surprising yet graceful contortions in the lap of a giant monkey, Mr. Clive Brooks' dancing somersaults, Mr. Williams' duets with Miss Elaine Lettor and Miss Nina Devitt, two catchy tunes by Mr. Vivian

Ellis, and the brilliant dancing of Mlle. Marika Röck, who must surely be the prettiest thing within a twenty-mile radius of Victoria Station. A nice, low-brow evening. Great stuff this French! "TRINCULO."



MR. JOHN McCORMICK

As the half-caste's brother subaltern whose friendship survived the supreme test of commanding the firing party which was to shoot his friend at dawn



ALL ABOARD FOR THE FOLIES BERGERE—MR. CHARLES AUSTIN AND MR. IVOR VINTOR
As Parker, senior, winner of £1,000 in a football competition, and his precocious son, exploiting the lighter side of "mal de mer" en route for a bust in Paris

TWO YEOMANRY CAVALRY REGIMENTS

Doing Their Training



THE ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS IN CAMP AT TIDWORTH

An interesting group taken during the recent training. The names, left to right, are : Back row—Lieut. J. S. Sinnott, Lieut. R. R. S. Harvey, Captain G. J. Yorke, Lieut. W. A. Chester-Master, Captain H. F. W. Adams, R.A.M.C., Captain H. M. Heyland, D.S.O., Captain P. S. Lowsley-Williams ; in front—Captain D. J. Mitchell, M.C., Captain F. B. Swanwick, Major E. P. Butler, T.D., Major F. Mitchell, M.C., Major Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Colonel S. W. Adderley, and Colonel C. Holmes, C.F., D.S.O. The Gloucestershire Hussars are one of the many Yeomanry Cavalry regiments which were turned into Tank units, and their designation now reads in the Army List the 21st (Royal Gloucestershire Hussars) Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps



THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY IN CAMP AT WINDMILL HILL, LUDGERSHALL

A group taken during the recent training camp. The names, left to right, are : Back row—Lieut. F. E. Dugate, Lieut. the Lord Ashley, Major F. B. Ditmas, Vet. Officer, Lieut. C. L. Broomhead, R.A.M.C., T.A., 2nd Lieut. J. G. Morrison, Hon. A. Herbert, 2nd Lieut. Viscount Weymouth, 2nd Lieut. E. F. Spicer, 2nd Lieut. C. H. F. Fuller, Lieut. A. M. Gibb, Lieut. P. G. Ormrod, Major and Quarter-Master Mr. R. E. Vine, Lieut. H. P. Hunloke, 2nd Lieut. C. E. Awdry ; in front—Lieut. D. G. Williams, Captain O. St. M. Thynne, Major C. L. Reid, Major Hon. R. E. O. Long, T.D., M.P., Major-General A. E. W. Harman, C.B., D.S.O., Major E. P. Awdry, M.C., T.D. (Commanding), Brigadier J. Houston, D.S.O., Captain H. J. Nicholson, M.C., Captain A. B. P. L. Vincent, M.C. (Adjutant), and Major M. O. M'Creagh, M.C.

Photographs by W. Dennis Moss



'TIS SAD HOW THINGS DO CHANGE

By W. K. Mountain



CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE AND THE ORIGINALLY SELECTED INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM: MAJOR G. H. PH

This team, which was provisionally selected last year by Captain Tremayne, who is O.C. our coming expedition to America in quest of the Polo Cup, has since Roark seems likely to remain. Captain Tremayne has definitely withdrawn, and the probable team now seems to be Captain R. George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding has produced the International stud of ponies in the most marvellous con

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of



C. F. Bauer

MR. G. H. PHIPPS-HORNBY, CAPTAIN C. T. I. ROARK, CAPTAIN C. H. TREMAYNE, AND MR. H. P. GUINNESS

polo Cup, has since this picture was done been very largely altered. After the fourth trial match, played at Hurlingham on the 24th, only Captain C. T. I. Roark (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back). Captain Maurice Kingscote is Master of the Horse to the expedition, and in the best marvellous condition after wintering them at Pinkney

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THE CAMERA PRESENTS

A Trio of Personalities



MISS INEZ HOLDEN

A snapshot of Captain and Mrs. Wilfred Holden's daughter taken while she was convalescing in the country after her recent illness. Miss Holden is a promising young author, and her first novel, "Sweet Charlatan," written in the modern manner, had some success. She has just finished another book, "Born Old," which deals with one of the popular pastimes of the moment—namely, rejuvenation

Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson (on the right), who was married last week, was formerly Mrs. Duggan, and is the third daughter of Sir James Dunn. Her husband is a younger brother of Captain "Bobbie" Jenkinson. This photograph of Mrs. Jenkinson, who puts riding high up among her amusements, was taken at Dale Park, which her father has taken for the summer months



MRS. ANTHONY JENKINSON



Dale Park

LADY PATRICIA MOORE

The only daughter of Lord Drogheda and Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, made a charming picture when she was presented at Court by her mother. Lady Patricia, who is eighteen, possesses the artistic temperament and a good brain as well a very pretty face. Verse is one of the mediums through which she expresses her love of beauty

A TEE TIME STORY AT NEW ZEALAND



MRS. KELWAY-BAMBER AND MR. DARWIN



INTERESTED LOOKERS-ON: MISS CHAMPAGNE AND MISS MARJORIBANKS



MRS. BOURNE AND MAJOR BURNHAM



MISS PEARSON AND MR. WETHERED



MR. DALE BOURNE, MISS JOYCE WETHERED, AND COLONEL BUNBURY DO SOME READY RECKONING



MISS GOURLAY AND MR. REX HARTLEY

An unofficial eight-a-side golfing encounter between the brave and the fair took place shortly before Whitsuntide on the New Zealand course near Byfleet, with the result that the men were successful by seven matches to five. Three members of the Walker Cup team, to wit Mr. Wethered, Mr. Tolley, and Mr. Rex Hartley, were playing, as well as Mr. Bourne, Captain Aitken, Mr. Bernard Darwin, Mr. H. C. Ellis, and Major Burnham, so the feminine participants took on a stiff task. In opposition were Miss Wethered, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Dorothy Pearson, Mrs. Payne, Miss D. Pim, Mrs. Kelway-Bamber, Mrs. Dudley Charles, and Mrs. Bourne. They played from forward tees, and each received a start of two holes. The singles were halved, the Wethered-Tolley match going to Miss Wethered by 2 and 1. Mr. Hartley was in regular Bobbie Jones form when up against Miss Gourlay, and went out in 31, but Mrs. Payne retaliated by beating Mr. T. A. Bourne, the English Amateur Champion, by 5 and 3. In the foursomes Miss Gourlay and Mrs. Kelway-Bamber scored the sole success of their side. It was all great fun, and there was a pleasant absence of the grimness so often associated with competitive golf.

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MADRID

ROME



FROM BOSTON TO THE BLACKWATER RIVER

Miss Ester Grew, Miss Rachael Warner, and Miss Mary Vance are all well known in Boston, Mass.: and the lady on the extreme right is Miss Betty Lucas, who is equally well known in Fermoy. The American visitors are staying at Castlehyde, an old Norman pile on the Blackwater, for the salmon fishing, riding and all, and any other diversion which Ireland has to offer. Miss Grew is a niece of Mr. John Pierrepont Morgan the millionaire

THE official anthropologist of the Australian Government in New Guinea has been giving the world some most enthralling details about head-hunting in that interesting and exciting country, and as this gentleman is now, I understand, in London studying census systems with a view to discovering why the population of New Guinea shows a downward curve whereas ours is rather the other way on, it will be very entertaining to see how the two conditions of affairs may strike him. *Primâ facie* I should say that the reason for the decline of the numbers in New Guinea was fairly evident, because although the head-collecting maniac in those parts has been most tactfully approached and in some cases persuaded to give up his little hobby, I gather that no definite progress can be reported. Whether the Australian Government's anthropologist will come out with any helpful suggestions for tackling our own most urgent problem remains to be seen. In New Guinea apparently the head-collecting fan does not care very much what sort of a head it is, but here, if the anthropologist is able to suggest anything to help us, collectors might be a bit more fastidious. And there is this further possible difficulty. If we are to believe the gentlemen who make our laws there is a terrible dearth of really first-class heads. No collector in the British Isles in his sober moments would want to lumber up his museum with a lot of gaping oykes and village idiots such as members of our opposing political parties give us to understand the "other lot" are. Such a tremendous percentage of the really first-class heads are now merely effigies of their former selves in the Chamber of Horrors in Madame Tussaud's, and the residual supply of specimens is so strictly limited. After a collector had got those of Mr. G—B—S— (I do hope these initials will not give away the persons to whom I feel compelled to refer),



FISHING ON THE SPEY

Numbering off from the left of the picture: Captain Sherrard, Mrs. J. F. Harrison (the wife of the famous polo player and ex-back of the Blues), Mrs. Sherrard, and Miss Mary Sherrard, who are all busy fishing on the Spey

skinning and taking the bristles off, but this booby-trap contrivance just shows us that the simple savage is not such a mutt as Uncle Bones of Margate Beach and other caricaturists try to make us believe that he is. He knows a lot more than banjo-playing and asking silly riddles. Over the door of the Nobo House they have a notice: "This Way to the Snack Bar—Drinks Free."

(Continued on p. viii)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Sir J—s B—e, Lord B—d, Mr. S—y B—n, Mr. J—n M—d, Sir O— M—, Mr. W— C—, Mr. P—p S—n, the editor of THE TATLER, the Head of the Big Five, the hall-porter of the Carlton, Mr. C— B— C—, the Masters of the Quorn, the Lords Mayor of London, *in esse* and *in posse*, Lord R—e, Lord B—k, the Very Reverend Dean I—e, the Stewards of the Jockey Club *en bloc* (or should one say in these rather delicate circumstances, *en block*?), Lord C—e (the litterateur), Mr. A— P— F— C—, Captain Charles H— T— (who has something to do with polo), Sir H— L— (a gentleman known sometimes as "Jack Point" and "Koko"), Mr. Justice Blank (who is always having his bachelorhood brought up against him; I dare not even indicate his name for fear of being jugged for contempt of court), and a few more I may have missed out—where is any collector to have a dog's earthly of finding a bunch any self-respecting person would pay to go and see?

In New Guinea I see that if you want to escape what is called "initiation" murder—I do not quite understand exactly what this means, but it requires a six months' training—you can do so by killing a wild boar. Compulsory pigsticking seems to be a very jolly way to escape death by the hot-pot, which I understand is a favourite method. In other places where the inhabitants have leanings similar to those in New Guinea, in some of the best-equipped hamlets they have a Rest

House for strangers called a Nobo House. Only well-fed and prosperous-looking travellers are invited to use it. As I understand things, there is a sort of booby-trap over the door, which, as the guest enters, releases a heavy stone mallet which hits him a dunt on the Nob, or head—hence I suppose the word Nob-o? The voyager is then made ready for the larder. It seems to be a very ingenious labour-saving device. I do not know whether they have machinery as up-to-date as the Chicago pork-packers for



CAPTAIN SHERRARD GAFFING A NINE-POUNDER

In spite of the low level of the water on the Spey, Captain Sherrard and his party have above accounted for twenty-two salmon in a week. Captain Sherrard incidentally is one of the best fishermen on the river

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THE MOST RECENT "ENGLAND" TEAM

W. A. Rouch

The Whit Monday match formation which drew in the fifth trial against a strong scratch team, but which may not be the final selection for our International team. The names are, left to right: Mr. L. L. Lacey (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), and Mr. Aidan Roark (back)

THE fifth English trial match on Whit Monday, June 9, at Hurlingham was a draw—6 all—the sides being: *England*—Mr. L. L. Lacey (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *The Rest*—Captain R. George (1), the Marquis of Villabragima (2), Colonel P. K. Wise (3), Mr. J. A. E. Traill (back). The main fact which emerged is I think that if Mr. L. L. Lacey is played at all he must be put in the place to which he is accustomed, back, and that if the only thing now to be decided is whether Captain George or Mr. L. L. Lacey is to be the International No. 1, the vote can only go one way—to the former. I do not propose to say more than this till we see what the next shuffle of the cards will be. Mr. Lacey was criticized in the 1924 matches in America for trying to do the work of four men. It helps a great deal more if each unit does his own appointed task in combination with the other three.

Whilst we are very busy building our own team—and let us hope that the main foundation stones will soon be settled, for the sooner they are the better our chance—it may be as well to have a look at what the enemy are doing or thinking of doing. The best guide as to what may be in their selectors' minds must, I think, be America's International encounter with The Argentine in 1928, for the then newly-created North and South America Cup, which America won by 2 matches to 1 after the hottest fight any of her International teams have had since 1914—when Major Rattle Barrett and his attendant braves handed them out the rough stuff and won two matches off the reel. Only once since then, namely, in the second match in the International of 1927 against the Hurlingham Army-in-India team, have the Americans had their necks stretched. And they were stretched properly on that occasion, as the great "Dev." himself quite candidly admitted. If we had been as quick out of the gate as the Americans on that very hectic occasion they would not have won. If it had been one all I think we should have had more than a level money chance of winning the rubber, because there is nothing which puts more heart into a team than a win.

Again, America, I think, was very lucky to play the third match v. The Argentine in 1928 against a team which was badly shaken by accidents to two of its cracks. Mr. Lewis Lacey had had a peach of a fall in the second match, which The Argentine won by 10 to 7, after having been beaten only 7 to 6 in the first match. Mr. Lacey had damaged a hand in the second match when he was knocked end-over-end in a collision with Mr. Winston Guest, and in the third match Mr. Jack Nelson got a terribly bad fall, as his pony rolled clean over him, and it was at

POLO NOTES

By "Serrefile"

first feared that the worst had happened, and it was a wonderful bit of pluck his going on at all. He was far more badly hurt than he was ready to admit. It was magnificent, but it was not war, and it would have been better if the spare man had been put in. The main fact, however, to get fixed in the reader's mind is that in the first match the American team only scraped home by a goal; in the second it was galloped clean off its legs, and well beaten 10 to 7; and that in the third it had a damaged side against it. Mr. Lacey cannot have been really fit to play.

In the first two matches v. The Argentine the Americans played this team: Mr. W. Averill Harriman (1), Mr. Tommy Hitchcock, jun. (2), Mr. Malcolm Stevenson (3), and Mr. Winston F. C. Guest (back). After the lambasting they got in the second match they took prompt and drastic measures, and dropped Mr. Malcolm Stevenson, who they thought was too old to stand up to the very rough stuff which was toward, and they put in young Mr.

E. A. S. Hopping No. 2, behind Mr. Harriman, Mr. Tommy Hitchcock dropping in behind to No. 3. It was a team made up of a "one" and three real "two's," though Mr. Guest had shown what a really high-class back he was. Anyway, as they admitted themselves at the time, it was a risk, especially against such a formidable team as they had every reason to know The Argentine was. The whole of the "new" American team was absolutely on its toes, Hitchcock playing like two men, everybody else doing the same. They carried the war to the enemy from the first throw-in in the way we have seen American teams do here, and by the end of the fourth chukker were leading by 9 to 2. It would then have been a miracle if they had been beaten. That magnificent Argentine rally in the last two chukkers, when they put on 5 goals to the Americans' 1, was surely one of the best fighting efforts in an almost hopeless position ever known in the history of polo. At the end of the sixth of the eight chukkers America led 12 to 2. They won, as I say above, by 13 to 7, but I think we must not take this form at its face value in view of what had happened in the other two games. The Argentine team was every bit as good as the American one. It was badly knocked about—but that was all.

(Continued on p. xii)



THE BEAUFORT HUNT TEAM

Dennis Moss

Which beat the Berkeley Hunt 6—2 in the recent match at Badminton. The names, left to right, are: Captain M. P. Benton (back), Major T. J. Longworth (3), the Duke of Beaufort (2), and Mr. F. N. Lloyd (1)

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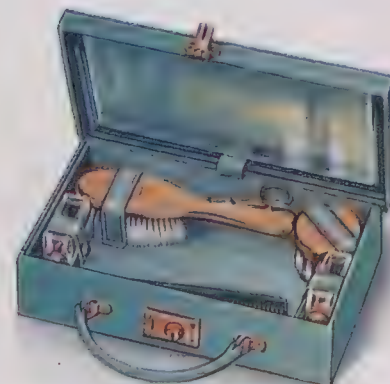
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"Grant's listless fingers were still at work on the empty pipe"

CONFESSION

By S. M. R. Syme

YOUNG Wilmot closed the door behind him, and silence reigned for a moment in the smoke-hazed card-room. Can't very well discuss a fellow the minute he's gone out. . . . Though really, that yarn of his . . .

Patience was not Sir Everard Lawson's strong suit. He tossed away the end of his cigar with fretful energy and appealed to his two remaining guests:

"Would you have believed it possible?" he exploded. "After all that one's read and heard of card-sharpers on board ship, for a sensible young fellow like that to be taken in! Why, anyone with an *apology* for a brain knows better than to gamble on a voyage, with strangers; and yet young Wilmot. . . . Upon my soul, it's really . . . it's astounding!"

Philip Tracy shifted in his chair a shade uncomfortably. He cleared his throat once or twice and laughed self-consciously.

"Well, I don't *know*," he ventured half apologetically. "It's deuced easy to be taken in, even when you're most on the alert. These sharper chaps are most infernally clever."

He looked shrewd enough himself, with his square, sandy head and close-lipped mouth; but of course it *is* deuced easy to be taken in. . . .

Tony Grant, on his left, raised himself lazily on his shoulder-blades and cocked an inquiring blue eye.

"Were you *badly* stung, Tracy?" he murmured with sly condolence.

The languid humour in his voice suggested that the serenity of a typical Monday evening lay heavily upon him. It was ever thus on Mondays; a well-chosen dinner (no offspring of the larder's assets and the cook's caprice), eaten with just the right degree of formality; good, virile bridge, played with just the right degree of severity; sound, substantial stakes—rather high for an occasional game, but safe enough when played for every Monday by the same four men. And afterwards, the

green table abandoned, an hour of mellow gossip, shoulder-deep around a flickering fire.

It was the sort of evening a woman would be madly jealous of were she able to conceive of a fire-lit intimacy, elusive in quality as some rare bouquet, in whose excursions she had no share, from bone-dry technicalities to racy anecdote; sometimes impersonal, sometimes frankly revealing. . . .

"Were you *badly* stung?" asked Grant with sly condolence; and Philip Tracy grinned.

"Good guess!" he admitted ruefully, "but I'm only confessing it, mind you, in justice to poor young Wilmot. Well, he *was* a bit of a mug, perhaps; but I'm hanged if any of you would have stood in *my* shoes and not been had for a fool."

An inscrutable smile settled lightly on Grant's attractive face. Sir Everard crossed over to the glasses and decanter with that impatience of his that always set him moving.

"It was on the return from a trip to Jamaica," said Tracy. "There were some queer-looking Dagos on board, and I'd set my face against cards from the very start. I was asked often enough to play, and might possibly have given in, if it hadn't been there were three other chaps who seemed also to have sworn off gambling. Two were brothers, the other apparently a stranger. Charming fellows they were, all of them—"

"Bah!" snorted Sir Everard, making fierce passes beneath his nose with the whisky decanter; "I know the sickly swagger these bounders put across in the way of charm! They take a correspondence course in it or something—"

"Graduate in it, more likely," said Tony Grant, thoughtfully selecting a cigar and holding it up, as an after-thought, for his host's permission.

"Oh, I know we all like to think we're infallible where a sahib's concerned," snapped Tracy; "but I tell you these men were delightful. In fact"—he regained his composure with a laugh—"we four were the only decent-looking people in the boat!"

"We found various points of contact, and grew quite friendly. No one suggested a game, and for a time we had

Confession—continued

sufficient interests to get on quite happily as we were. But our steamer wasn't exactly a record-breaker. She wallowed along as though time were no object at all, and after a long succession of evenings I began to pine for a game; I could see the others



PRINCE AND PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK
Snapshoted on their arrival in Belfast on their way to Lord and Lady Londonderry's house party last week. Prince Otto von Bismarck is at the German Legation in London

pounds!" Two appreciative whistles in different keys testified to the excellence of Tracy's story.

"The only decent-looking people on board," echoed Sir Everard with obvious enjoyment—"and therefore, my boy, the most to be avoided! *especially* on that tempting 'last night out'! But hang it all—three thousand pounds! Poor old Tracy."

"But did you *spot* anything?" pursued Grant with closer interest. "These crooks are such experts, they're winning on the level half the time. You don't pull a gun to take candy from a child!"

"I flatter myself I wasn't such easy game," said Tracy a shade stiffly. "Personally, I rather suspect prepared cards. The steward was pretty attentive with the drinks and may have masked an exchange of packs before certain important deals. But no—I can't say I spotted anything; and," he drained his glass and heaved himself to his feet, "they were all perfectly charming to the last!"

He left them shortly afterwards, with a murmur about Monday being unpopular with his wife. Grant made no attempt to follow him; it was another of Monday's conventions that they should depart in this particular order. But only one of the four could have told how this came to be; he to whom Monday evening meant something the others could never understand.

Sir Everard disposed of his friend with more than usual haste and hurried back to the fireside and to Grant.

"Tracy too, you see," he chuckled, kicking a log with his foot at though secretly triumphant to find another of his friends a simpleton. "Though goodness knows, he *seemed* hard-boiled enough. Well, nobody's ever made a fool of *me* that way; I never touch a card between two ports! And Tracy of all people. . . . Honestly Tony, it amazes me!"

"I don't *know* though," Grant objected reflectively, very much as Tracy had done; "you've got to take the personal element into account. There are still honest faces and dishonest—and fools who think they can distinguish them. Well, take this case for instance. . . ."

did too, but not one of us would propose it! And so we went on; four pals—as we now were—boring ourselves to distraction because no one would risk the responsibility of suggesting cards!

"On our very last night out the humour of the situation struck us all—simultaneously, so it seemed to me; at any rate, I can't for the life of me remember who it was suggested a four in the end. It may have been myself, and probably was. I only know I lost three thousand

He ground out a longish stump of cigar, produced a pipe from his pocket and leaning forward, elbows on knees, began to fiddle with the empty bowl.

"I once had a friend——"

"No, no," broke in his host with hand upraised; "none of your imaginary third persons for me. Stand by your own tale of innocence like a man," and with a laugh for his fancied perspicuity, he settled himself in his deep arm-chair to listen.

Grant didn't echo the laugh. He twisted his pipe-stem in silence for a moment before repeating gravely, without apparent amusement or annoyance:

"I once had a friend. He had as strong an objection as you, sir, to gambling on board ship, and in addition he had an idea he could read his fellow men; but on one particular voyage he met a crook, and unfortunately it was the crook who read *him*—and he turned what he read to very good account! He was an attractive beggar, and my friend took to him from the start. There was no question of cards between them; the crook knew it was worth his while to wait."

Grant paused . . . for such a long time that Sir Everard looked rather blank, as one might at the close of a somewhat pointless tale.

"But your friend came through all right," he suggested kindly.

"That's what I wish I knew for certain," said the other with momentary eagerness; "but I guess it's what's called 'a case for the psychologists.' You see, this sharper broke with the ocean-going syndicate for which he worked, and followed my friend to London, used his hospitality as a kind of foothold, and . . . systematically fleeced him."

"Eh? What? Oh, I see. Story only just beginning."

"Only just beginning," agreed Grant, staring into the fire with a sort of painful intensity. "Funny thing, you know . . . I used to think this rather a humorous tale; just lately I seem to have forgotten where the joke comes in. Still, sir, it may appeal to you"—a wry smile twisted his mobile mouth—"a professional cheat, you see, with years of trans-Atlantic experience at his back, becoming the protégé and guest of the man who wouldn't touch cards on board a ship."

Sir Everard smote his knee with considerable zest.

"Bad luck on your friend though," he said, checking his own gesture in genuine sympathy. "How did he succeed in spotting the swindler?"

"He didn't," Grant answered quietly; "the swine confessed."

A kind of futile savagery possessed his face for a moment and faded out again.

"I don't wonder it gets you on the raw," said the elder man with kindness; "the mean skunk! What was the end of him? Did you ever hear?"

Grant's listless fingers were still at work upon the empty pipe. His gay, derisive eyes looked curiously empty.

"I'm not quite sure," he said, "except that he just . . . quit."

I guess he felt that he was getting soft. They always played, you see,

(Continued on p. xviii)



MR. AND MRS. WALTER CAMP (RUTH ELDER)

At the first polo match of the season at Sands Point, Long Island, N.J. As Miss Ruth Elder, Mrs. Walter Camp earned fame as a very daring trans-Atlantic flier. Mrs. Walter Camp narrowly escaped being drowned



The Young 'un : "Hullo ! you've put some life in the wine committee. Here's a really good liqueur brandy at last."

The Old Stager : "Glad to see that at least one of you young men knows a good thing when you taste it. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu. Carefully selected from the best that's made and then kept for 35 years in wood."

The Guest : "Its bouquet and flavour certainly show breeding and maturity."

The Old Stager : "That's it ! Age and Quality, you know."

MARTELL'S

CORDON BLEU

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Peccavi.

I EXPECT it is all my fault. If it were not for my bad hand of write the thing would never have happened, yet I have often been told that, compared to that of other scribes, it is singularly legible. But I will cheerfully take the blame upon my own head, for after all it is something to be the *fons et origo* of one of the world's worst misprints. Perhaps you may have done me the honour of reading a Cameo about the Rover Meteor. It was in the issue for June 4. If you did you probably howled with laughter. By chance I threw my eye across it, and I howled too—first with shame that my words should have been so terribly mangled, and then with relief because the error was so gross that I hoped no one could possibly take it seriously. My friend the compositor will conceivably forgive me if I quote this wonderful phrase. "The Rover has a silent THUD" (the capitals are my own). . . and "But even supposing it had been a self-confessed noisy THUD (again my "caps") I would cheer-



SIR ARTHUR UNDERHILL

From a portrait by Charles Pears, R.O.I.

A reproduction of the presentation portrait to Sir Arthur Underhill at the reception of the Jubilee of the Royal Cruising Club. Sir Arthur Underhill founded the club and has been its commodore since 1885. Sir Arthur Underhill is eighty, and was called to the Bar in 1872



MR. E. R. AVORY

The captain of the Cambridge University Lawn Tennis Club. The Inter-Varsity contest took place last week. Mr. Avory is Stowe School and Magdalene

fully have forgiven it; etc., etc." And finally "the RACE People," instead of the "Rover people." Not bad for one half-page. Any one will admit that a "silent thud" is a marvellous combination of words. Now, by the way, that I have just written this word—and, mind you, very carefully too, for I don't propose that mistakes should be repeated—I perceive that it can quite easily be mistaken for "third." I also note that in future I shall have to make my r's longer (*vita brevis* being the result if I do not). It is a pity that what I intended to be a most complimentary article upon a really fine car should have been absurdified and caricatured by printers' errors. Therefore I hereby offer my apologies (now, Mr. Printer, please don't reproduce this as Apollinaris!) to the Rover Company, who are not "Race People," nor do I see any reason why they should be even in Derby Week (Aha! That was the connection—the date gives it away) and also to those readers who,

directly he let in the clutch the car stopped just as suddenly as if it had hit a cliff, and all the willing helpers fell in a heap over the luggage grid. Is it not amazing what folk will do? Well, that was put to rights, and eventually the engine buzzed. But I had noticed that there was a lot of wetness about the battery box on the running-board, though there had been no rain for days, and dogs are not allowed at this golf club. So I plucked a twig from a neighbouring bush and thrust it through the bung-hole of one of the cells. It was bone dry, as were all the other cells. Here I may remark, dear reader, that unless you have had your accumulator "looked to" at reasonable intervals it is quite probably in a similar condition. The cause of this sad trouble in a month-old car was soon found. One of the running-board brackets was broken, and every time the car bounced over a pot-hole the poor old battery came down with a bump and promptly spilt some of its

(Continued on p. xxii)

having no imagination nor sense of humour, may have concluded that there was some sort of "thud" about the Meteor. (The "u" I inscribed there could not possibly be mistaken for anything but a ewe, yew, you). "Silent thud" was an accident in which some cynical little demon took a hand, but I am afraid I shall never be able to think of the expression without a smile.

Where and Oh, Where?

Recently, at the golf club, a wight came to me in some distress. His engine refused to get into motion by means of the so-called self-starter, and all the local Tigers having gone to play in the championship at St. Andrews, there was no one about who could swing the darned thing. By the way you may have noticed that hand-cranking of the modern engine is rarely an easy proposition. We got the thing going by the good old shoving method, but even that took a bit of extra effort, for the owner, who presided at the wheel, had engaged bottom gear, not top, and of course



MR. E. O. MATHER

The captain of the Oxford Lawn Tennis team, which was soundly beaten by Cambridge last week. Mr. Mather is U.S.A. and Lincoln Coll.

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THE "EVE" GOLF FOURSOMES

A group taken at Turnberry, Ayrshire, last week, in which are the last eight in the "Eve" Foursomes. Left to right: Miss R. Leetham and Lady Alness, the winners (seated); Miss E. Tweedie, Miss J. S. Coats, Miss E. M. Robertson, Mrs. Mungo Park, Miss C. M. Park, and Miss Helen Weir (standing)

WITHOUT doubt foursomes make a very pleasant way of spending a week. Add to that brilliant sunshine, such a place as Turnberry, and such a test of golf as the new course there, and it was, perhaps, hardly surprising that 120 couples tried their fortune in the Scottish Foursomes promoted by "Britannia and Eve."

Perhaps it had better hastily be said, in case anybody has forgotten, that it is not necessary to be Scottish by birth, residence, marriage, or any other qualification to play in these foursomes. You may come from the antipodes, as four very welcome entrants did, from Scotland itself like the majority, or from Yorkshire, like the winners. Or, in fact, from anywhere else in the wide world. But the Scots can fight like fury in defence of their own, and this was the very first time that a couple entering from English clubs had come through. Lady Alness and Miss Leetham are beyond dispute a very good foursome pair indeed. They were runners-up at Ranelagh in 1927, winners there in 1928, and quite frequently in the prize list at the Spring Medal Foursomes. For the number of strokes to be given they actually exceeded the round fifty given by Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett when they won the Northern Foursomes of 1929. The start of each of the first five rounds saw them setting quietly out to give nine or eight strokes to their opponents, and just as quietly taking and keeping the lead all the time, not even coming to the 1st hole for their wins. You may call it lucky to find yourself drawn amongst the long handicaps, but when strokes have been given in such numbers nobody can say that the winners did not deserve all that they got.

As a matter of fact prophecy had fixed on an even lower handicap pair, Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard, as probable winners. They had not so many strokes to give in the first round, but they only got through at the 19th against a West Kilbride pair, and went out giving 7 the next morning to Mrs. Walter Neilson, who is the Veterans' champion, and her daughter. That left the other Yorkshire pair as the back markers, and right nobly they upheld that position. Not perhaps by playing faultless golf; there was plentiful bunker work for them to do. But they did that well; they played their irons well, particularly Lady Alness, and they putted well, particularly Miss Leetham. All of which was quite sufficient reason for winning.

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

On the first day, as often happens, people were rather drastic with their opponents. Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard, and Dr. Marian Alexander and Miss Lobbett were the two exceptions, both going to the 19th for their wins. Otherwise everything seemed as peaceful and placid as the blue sea, and even the hopes of a great struggle between Mrs. Walter Greenlees and Mrs. Dunsmuir, and Mrs. Lance Foley and Miss Percy did not come to anything, the latter pair winning by 6 and 4.

The fun began on the second day with such items as the 20th-hole match which Miss Hilda Cameron and Mrs. Dunlop Hill lost to Miss Weir and Miss Tweedie, or the one which went to the same point before Miss J. C. Coats and Miss E. M. Robertson could get the better of Miss Worsley and Miss Lawson from Ganton. There ought to have been a mighty match between Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Coats and Dr. Alexander and Miss Lobbett, but the latter pair sampled too many bunkers; Mrs. Holm's side played extraordinarily perfect golf and won by 7 and 5. The biggest names were getting sorted out. But Lady Alness and Miss Leetham were still going along at the bottom, with Miss Weir and Miss Tweedie at the top. This pair's great struggle came in the semi-final,

when they beat Mrs. Mungo Park and her daughter at the 19th hole. The Parks seemed to be one of the best pairs in, and the daughter one of the most promising young golfers in the draw, so that it said much for Miss Weir and Miss Tweedie that they could beat them.

They must assuredly have followed up that by beating Lady Alness and Miss Leetham in the final if only they could have putted. It would be melancholy reading to say how many times they took three putts. Enough to say that the match would have been theirs by a respectable margin if they could have kept down to two per green. Lady Alness and Miss Leetham, full of fight after beating Miss Coats and Miss Robertson in the other semi-final, took their chances and



MISS K. MACDONALD AND MRS. N. KENNEDY

Two of the starters in the "Eve" Foursomes, recently played at Turnberry, Ayrshire

won on the last green. And then everybody scrambled up the steps, and Mr. Arthur Towle, C.B.E., presented the prizes and invited everybody to come again quickly.

Of course that by no means ends the tale of the doings at Turnberry. There was a delightful consolation competition run by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association in aid of the National Playing Fields. Players were no sooner out of the foursomes than they rushed to put

(Continued on p. xxviii)



MISS BETTY FENTON

Who won the National Playing Fields Cup at the Tournament held in aid of that Fund in conjunction with the "Eve" Foursomes at Turnberry

BY APPOINTMENT

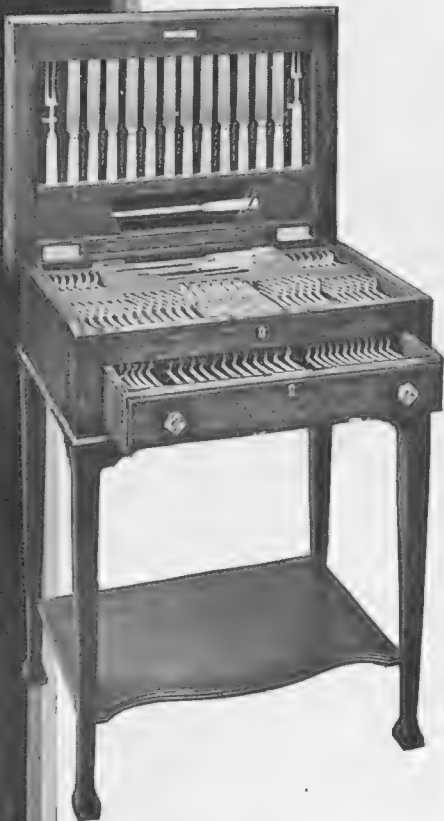


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The Highway of Fashion :

By
M. E. BROOKE



Light, warm, and ever so decorative is the cardigan on the left. It is of pure cashmere, and comes from Romanes and Paterson, and so does the Botany wool jumper on the right. (See p. iv)

Scottish-knit is the cardigan on the right. It shows a jacquard design, and is expressed in fine Botany wool. It may be seen at Romanes and Paterson's, Princes Street, Edinburgh. (See p. iv)



This hand-knit ensemble is an artistic study in black, white, and red. It is residing at Mrs. Pearson, 55a, Sloane Street, S.W., where it is companioned by many others. (See p. iv)

Large Hats for Sunny Days.

NOW that the summer has actually arrived the hat of the moment is undoubtedly the large affair with a very wide brim that may or may not droop at the side, even resting lightly on the shoulder. Hats of this character are more often than not expressed in Milan, ballibuntal, pedal, or Bankok. Just a single flower or a motif is all-sufficient decoration. It is essential that the crowns fit the head, as of course it is impossible in these days of short hair to hold them in position with pins. Again, there is a decidedly new version of the coal-scuttle bonnet; it suggests that the wearer has donned blinkers—a narrow piping to accentuate the bonnet effect is frequently introduced. Large hats will be high in favour at Goodwood, as they are ideal complements for summer frocks carried out in organdi and kindred fabrics.

The Triumph of the Béret.

NOW there are many women who on account of their stature never look well in a large hat; they will therefore be well advised to remain faithful to the béret, of which there are many versions; as a matter of fact they have barely a bowing acquaintance with their prototype, the headgear of the Basque peasants. They have annexed the bandeau, really nothing is smarter than a béret carried out in very fine crinoline or horsehair at its base, which is situated just over the left eye; the bandeau is very narrow; it widens as it proceeds towards the right ear, there it is finished with a smart bow. Other models are draped to the head with a bandeau on one side only, while yet

another version is carried out in soft taffeta; it has to be pushed well back from the forehead, revealing a large portion of the hair; this has to be waved specially. As this entails endless trouble, hairdressers are creating empiècements of curled or waved hair which is sewn into the béret.

A Much-discussed Question.

Go where you will, women are talking about the return of gloves for the evening; they do not wish to accept this edict of Fashion, as it greatly increases the dress budget. A decidedly novel idea was adopted by a debutante at a recent dance, she wore a very beautiful white lace dress; her accessories, however, were black; they included shoes, gloves, bag—the last-mentioned was of black antelope with enamelled mount set with diamonds, and in the fastening was secreted a tiny watch; this assuredly could not have cost less than £450. The black chiffon handkerchief had a white monogram. So much thought had this debutante given to detail that her compact powder was Chane's, because its container was black.

A Cloud of Green Tulle.

In Petticoat Influence Diana Wynyard wears a snow-white satin dress with pale green gloves and a cloud (there is no other word to describe it) is flung over her shoulders; a little wisp of green chiffon makes the handkerchief. The dress is extremely smart and is arranged with a

(Continued on p. iv)



A sale is in progress at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, and among the notable attractions is this dyed beige squirrel coat. (See p. iv)

Women are more beautiful these days thanks to Pond's



*Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3.
Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.*

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/-, 1/3 and 9d.

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Life at a faster tempo, dancing into the small hours, driving in open cars, and shopping in the dust of modern conditions—yet you will see finer skins and lovelier complexions than more gracious ages could boast . . . a paradox that is resolved by a glance at any of hundreds of modern dressing-tables.

Here you will see two opal jars, a crystal bottle of severely modern design, and a quaintly conceived box (*Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues*). That is all.

The *Pond's Cold Cream* dissolves and floats to the surface those tiny accumulations of dust which gather in the pores where soap and water cannot reach them, spoiling the freshness of the complexion and hindering the natural processes which keep the skin healthy and youthful. Draw two of *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* from their box, and wipe away the soiled cream and impurities. Notice how gossamer-soft and absorbent the tissues are. Discard them when used.

Now take a pad of cotton wool, soak it in *Pond's Skin Freshener*, and pat it briskly on the face. This mild astringent is wonderfully exhilarating, and brings a glow of natural colour to the cheeks. Follow this with a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to protect the delicate skin from dust and the weather and to give it an attractive bloom, to which powder clings evenly and lastingly, and your toilet is complete.

If you would like to try these preparations, to which thousands of beautiful and talented women attribute the beauty of their complexions, send 6d. in stamps to Pond's Extract Co., (Dept. 463) 103 St. John Street, London, E.C. 1, for a coffret containing samples of all four.

POND'S Complete Method of Skin Care..

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



There are a host of luxuries for the car to be seen at Asprey's, New Bond Street, a few of which find pictorial expression on this page. There is the Lalique glass mascot that may be lighted with electricity; it is the St. Anthony model which is seen at the top of the page on the left; the greyhound over hurdle on the right is silver-plated. This firm's mascots are made to fit all types of radiator caps, and they excel in creating new models in accordance with the wishes of the owners of the cars

motoring



A novelty, and one that is sure to be warmly applauded, is the leather drink case. It contains sandwich cases, a large spirit flask, and there are divisions for tumblers, mineral and spirit bottles; when closed it occupies quite a small space, and is so carefully designed that there is no chance of the bottles breaking. Also illustrated is a luncheon case; it is fitted with stainless cutlery, removable partitions, and is lined with the best white washable lining, the thermos flask being shock-proof. There are other cases for placing on the running board, and then there are those of wicker. Ever welcome at a picnic is an apple cutter; it divides an apple into six and removes the core; silver-plated it is 10s. 6d. By the way it is an ideal souvenir for friends at home and abroad

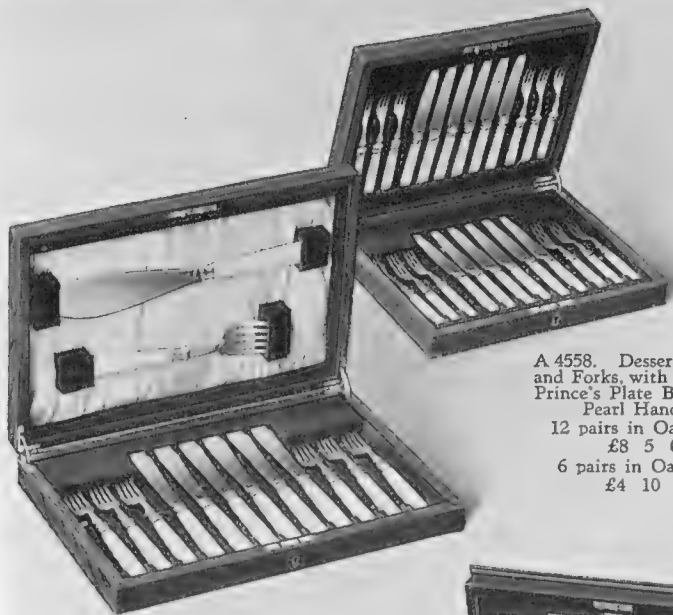


And what a number of things may be stowed away in the bag on the left; it is of leather with zyp fastening and moiré cushion. There are waterproof pockets. The dressing-case on the right is of blue morocco with blonde tortoise-shell and 18-carat gold fittings



BLAKE

Pictures by Blake



A 4558. Dessert Knives and Forks, with Engraved Prince's Plate Blades and Pearl Handles.
12 pairs in Oak Case. £8 5 0
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C 500. Mahogany Cabinet, containing: 4 Table Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Soup Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Sauce Ladles, 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives (Stainless Steel Blades and "Tusca" (regd.) Handles), 1 pair Meat Carvers (ordinary Steel), 1 Knife Sharpener, 6 pairs Fish Knives and Forks.

In Prince's Plate,	
Rat-tail pattern	£12 15 0
Chelsea (regd.) pattern	13 10 0
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C 506. Oak Table Cabinet, 25½ in. long, 19½ in. wide, and 30 in. high. Fitted with 12 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, 12 Soup Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 1 pair Sugar Tongs, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Soup Ladle, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives (Stainless Steel Blades and "Tusca" (regd.) Handles), 1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Game Carvers (ordinary Steel), 1 Knife Sharpener. The Spoons and Forks are Prince's Plate, Rat-tail pattern.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

spade-shaped vest flanked with bretelles, the bows at the back give the effect of an apron; it is perfectly moulded over the hips. In another act her choice has alighted on a printed chiffon frock; strappings of emerald-green sequins appear on the hips, and there is a fichu drapery which forms a cape at the back. Jane Milligan looks extremely well in an emerald-green lace dress with mittened sleeves, and so she does in her black dress with softly falling flounces edged with ruches to match those on her wrap. All the triumphs of the dress-maker's art in this play demonstrate there is nothing more graceful than long frocks that mould the hips.

Hand-knitting with a Difference.

Surely everyone will worship at the shrine of the hand-knitted ensemble pictured on p. 572; in it artificial silk and wool share honours; it may be seen in Mrs. Pearson's salons, 55A, Sloane Square (next door to Eaton Mansions). In the skirt, red, black, and white are seen in happy unison; the coat is red with collar to match the revers, and the jumper white, and of it one may become the possessor for 15 guineas. This is indeed a poor description of a triumph of the knitter's art. Everything is hand-knitted and care is taken to see that the shoulders and hips are moulded, and at the same time fullness is present wherever necessary. Sometimes there are belts and sometimes not. It is impossible to do justice to the charm of the hand-knitting in words. An artistic study in beige and brown shades is a dress with a wool pattern knitted in, and although the scheme is completed with the last word in capes the cost is only 14 guineas. There are models for the older as well as the younger woman.

The East Wind Tennis Frock.

Tennis enthusiasts will accord a warm welcome to Mrs. Pearson's East Wind Tennis Frock. It is hand-knitted and is destined to be worn over the ordinary dress; as the player becomes warm it can be discarded in the fraction of a second, and of course it is ideal for slipping on after a game. Then there are the tennis frocks, provided with all the necessary gadgets which champions consider so necessary. Neither must it be overlooked that there are beach ensembles; they are as practical as they are smart. Emphasis

must be laid on the fact that everything is hand-knitted in these salons.

Every Garment Reduced 25 per Cent.

As there is nothing more flattering it is capital news that at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, the prices of everything have been reduced by 25 per cent. Sheets giving full particulars of the bargains to be obtained will be sent on application. Selections of furs will gladly be despatched to the country on

Cardigans and Jumpers.

Everyone likes to own a Scottish-knit jumper or cardigan, especially when it is sponsored by that well-known firm of Romanes and Paterson, Princes Street, Edinburgh. To them must be given the credit of those all-important accessories illustrated on p. 572. The cardigan on the left, in a variety of colours, in pure cashmere is £3 15s. While the fine Botany jacquard one on the right is £3 10s. In the centre may be seen a jumper of Botany wool for 25s. 6d. Then there are spun-silk jumpers with hand-worked jacquard border for 59s. 6d. They are tucked over the shoulders and in the vicinity of the waist-line, thereby giving the fashionable silhouette to the figure. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this firm excel in regulation Highland kilts; full-pleated and made to measure they are from £4 10s. when not exceeding 25 in. in length. Jumpers in bottle-green with colours on collars to blend with tartans are from 14s. 6d. to 32s. 6d. according to size. Patterns and measurement forms will gladly be sent on request. Neither must it be overlooked that a feature is here made of travelling rugs.



A CELANESE BEACH SUIT

Picture by Blake

With black, pleated trousers, the jumper and coat enriched with embossed tulips and foliage

Celanese Lido Suits.

Undoubtedly the name of Celanese is one to conjure with as far as beach ensembles are concerned; the colours are glowing or subtle, and the materials are soft and durable. Who would not desire to own the *chef d'œuvre* pictured on this page? The novel voluminous trousers are of pleated black georgette, while a handsome tulip design is responsible for wondrous colour-notes on the coat and jumper; the headgear represents the latest variation on the mortar-board theme. In striking contrast to this are those with Jack-Tar trousers, sleeveless

three days' approval without obligation to purchase; naturally trade references must be given. Among the notable attractions is the dyed beige squirrel coat illustrated on p. 572. It is 59 guineas, there are brown pony-skin coats trimmed with squirrel for 39 guineas. Wonderful value is present in the Scotch moleskin coats for 21 guineas, and then there are seal coney coats trimmed with skunk for 16 guineas. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that single-skin animal stoles in platinum-dyed fox are 6½ guineas, and those of golden skunk 5½ guineas.

bolero, and wasp-striped jumper. A Celanese fabric that suggests plaid taffeta makes another model; there is a swathed hip sash with tuck-in blouse. There are other models, the trousers reinforced with braces, the sleeves of the blouse being of the belle character, and of course every scheme must be completed with a cape or coat. Should difficulty be experienced in obtaining these ideal beach suits application must be made to British Celanese, Celanese House, Hanover Square, W., who will gladly send the name and address of the nearest agent.

JANTZEN CREATES NEW SUN-SUIT —the SHOULDAIRE—smart, fashionable



The new Jantzen Shouldaire—the new low-back swimming suit of today and tomorrow—a suit that appeals to swimmers and sun-bathers alike!

On the beach the Shouldaire is a jaunty, vogueish sun-suit—an ingenious patented feature enables you to drop the straps for an even coat of lovely shoulder tan. Every inch a Jantzen in the water—fitting smoothly, perfectly,

comfortably—the elasticity of its famous Jantzen-stitch giving with every movement of the body. The lines of the Shouldaire sun-suit are smartly styled—the colors exquisite!

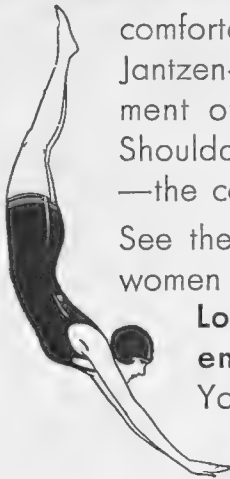
See the Jantzen style range for men, women and children at leading shops.

Look for the Red Diving Girl emblem on the skirt or label.
Your weight determines your size.

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WORLD-WIDE JANTZEN WEEK

Throughout England and in 54 other countries the Jantzen swimming suit will be displayed prominently at leading shops. See the new Jantzen Shouldaire Sun-suit and Monochrome Twosomes for women—the Diving suit for men.



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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W. 1, plead for £12 to help an old married couple who are in great difficulties and liable to lose their little home. They both expected to have a comfortable old age, for the husband worked for over thirty years with one firm and was promised a pension; this, however, never materialized, and they were left almost penniless with a house on their hands. Determined to remain independent they took in lodgers, both husband and wife working hard with the help of an orphan maid. They struggled along until two months ago, when he developed septic poisoning and was carried off to hospital. Misfortunes never come singly, and at the same time the maid had pleurisy. The poor wife was left to carry on with nothing coming in except a little parish relief for her lodgers at once moved out. During these weeks she got behind in her rent and was terrified of being evicted. However, now her domestic help has returned and they once more have guests in the house and are able to pay their way, but the husband is still seedy, spending most of his time in bed. He urgently needs a change of air but cannot think of his health while his rent is still owing; may we have £12 for them which would pay up his debt and give him good convalescence?

The White Horse Distillers, Ltd., in their well-produced "White Horse Bulletin," have an interesting article on "Does a Bottle of Whisky lose strength if left open for several days?" Questions put to several members of the Trade brought varying answers as to what would be the loss. Accordingly, the White Horse Distillers carried on with the experiment with a view to ascertaining what actually would take place if, for example, a member of the public closed up his house for a summer vacation and left a bottle or a decanter of whisky open on the sideboard. Three bottles of whisky were used in the experiment and each was placed in a position where different climatic conditions prevailed. One was

locked up in a wine cellar in a private house, another was left in a very large room with a lofty ceiling with plenty of air about, and the third one was kept under observation in an arch of a warehouse under a railway station where there was a rather low temperature. The result of these tests showed that the average loss in strength per bottle amounted to '3, in other words a reduction from 30 u.p. to 30'3 u.p. Measured in terms of money this is equivalent to a loss of just over ½d. per bottle. On the subject of evaporation, this was much more difficult to gauge, but as far as they were able to check it, there was no measurable loss through the process of evaporation. If there was any loss it was infinitesimal. It is not suggested for a moment that anyone should leave a bottle or decanter open on a sideboard. We all know the story of where little insects go in the winter time. We would not recommend anyone to take such risks with White Horse even in the summer time.

There is quite a unique attraction at the Brixton Theatre this week, where Stanislas Idzikowski is presenting the Covent Garden Russian Ballet. In addition to Stanislas Idzikowski the cast includes Vera Savina, Iva Lavrova, and Vanda Evina, and many other world-famous stars.

At the Stoll picture theatre this week there is a special presentation of Major Percival Wren's stirring drama *Beau Geste*, which enjoyed such a long run in the West End some time ago. The star, of course, is Ronald Colman. Also in the programme is included "Dark Red Roses," a British Talking Film, with Stewart Rome, Frances Doble, Lydia Lopokova, and Anton Dolin.

The efforts which are being made to revive the interest of Londoners in the Thames-side resorts are well supported by the Great Western Railway, who have just issued a most attractive folder written by Mrs. R. H. Gretton, J.P., B.Litt. Oxon., and are widely circulating it to their station and office organizations in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and abroad.



THE NEW MASTERS OF THE RUFFORD

Standing: Colonel Isaac, Mr. Kaye, a former Master of the South Notts, and the Marquess of Titchfield, the three new Joint Masters of the Rufford in succession to the late Mr. Losco-Bradley; in front—Mrs. Isaac, Mrs. Kaye, and Lady Titchfield and her daughter, Lady Anne Bentinck

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The tuck-in blouse has now returned to popular favour, and we have a wonderful variety of new models, for Sports and Summer wear and for wearing with Tailored Suits. In addition many attractive styles in Jumpers and Bridge Coats. For the convenience of our customers we have recently transferred our Dress and Summer Skirts to our Blouse Department and skirts can be supplied to match any of the Blouses or Jumpers.

SUÈDE FINISHED WASHING CRÊPE JUMPER, with stitched front and knotted ends, giving a tailored finish. In ivory, shades of blue, beige, pink, daffodil and green.

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With sleeves, **59/6**

SKIRT to match, with band pleated front, stitched belt, finished buckle. Price **49/6**

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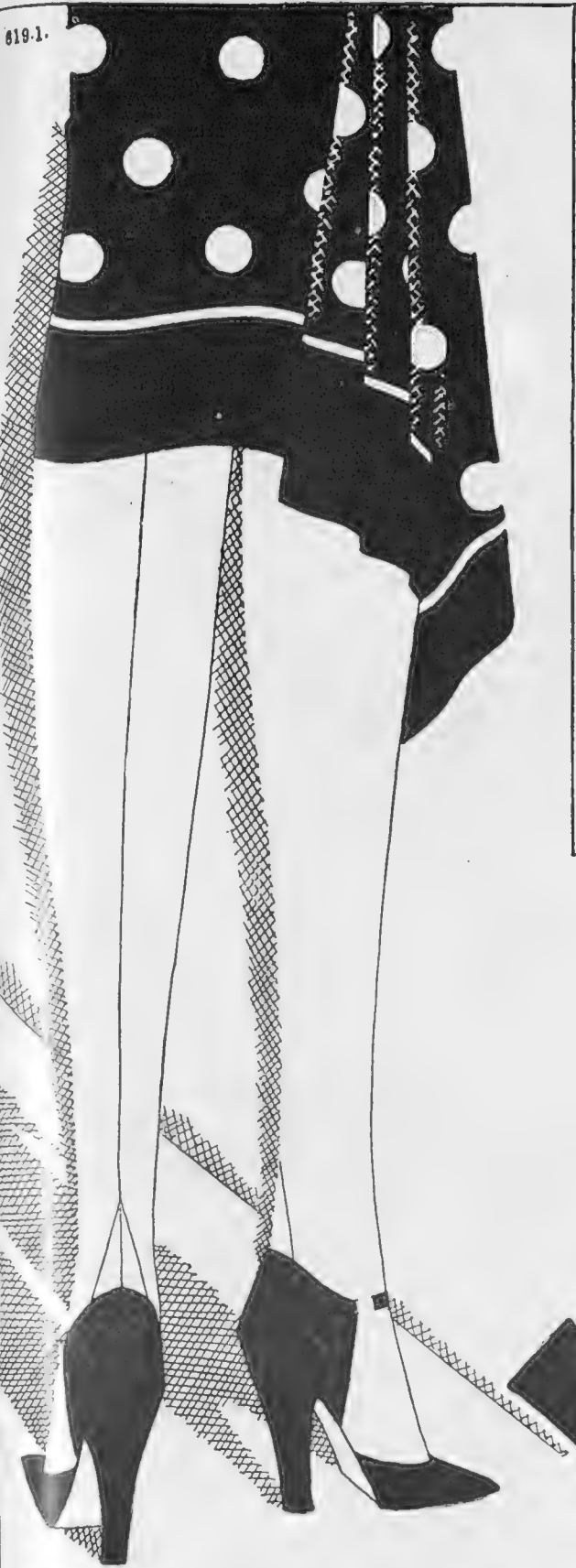
SETTLEMENT.—The area under cultivation by white settlement is increasing every year, and there are many lucrative opportunities for men with capital in these fertile territories.

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Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.

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There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

GANESH DARA:

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

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nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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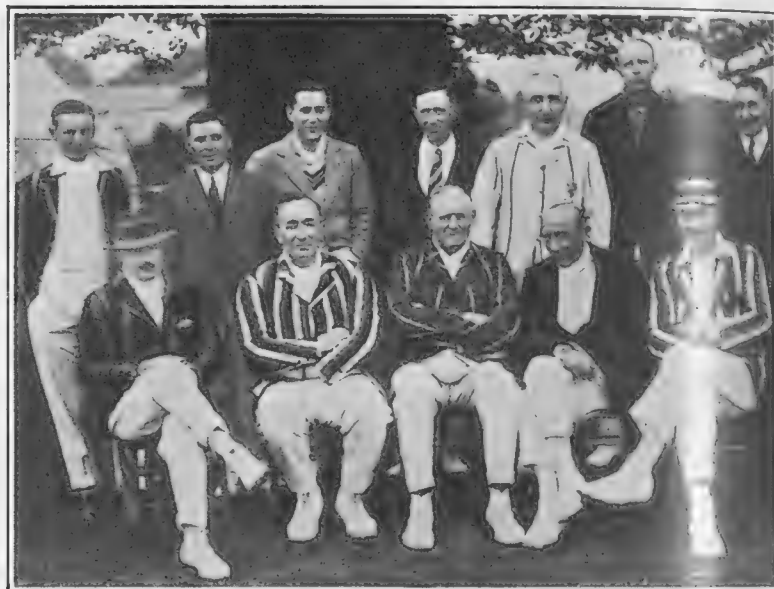
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Pictures in the Fire—continued

It is always so easy to be wise after the event, but I feel inclined to kick myself for having changed my mind where these two colts of the Aga Khan's are concerned, for last year after Blenheim had won the New Stakes at Ascot and made an absolute hack of a speedy colt like Press Gang, I said to myself said I, and marked it down on paper forbye: "This one wins the Derby." Then came his failures in the Greenham, when he had said his piece at six furlongs and Michael Beary dropped his hands on him, and in the Guineas, which Diolite won so easily, and in which Blenheim was fourth and looked such a pony even alongside Diolite who is no giant; and there also came this very smooth performance by his stable companion, Rustom Pasha, over the last 1 mile 110 yards of the Epsom (Derby) course, and there also came Michael Beary picking him to ride. Everyone who changes his mind after he has picked his place in a fence deserves to be killed, and any of us who first picked Blenheim and then altered our minds deserve all that may be coming or has come to us. In the stamina index Blenheim is the only colt against whose name it writes "Yes" for the Derby and, which now concerns us much more, the Leger. This stamina index talks to us emphatically at the moment, and makes us think rather more than we did before the Derby about what they call, where hounds are concerned, "line-breeding," a subject upon which there was a good deal of friendly dispute during the last hunting season; one distinguished authority saying that you should go for "work," that is, performance in the field only, and another equally distinguished one saying with quite as great emphasis that blood must tell and that you must breed back to the best. It is, I think often truer where hounds are concerned than it is with horses; that



THE BEAUFORT HUNT XI

The team which drew with the combined South Wales Hunts XI in the recent match in Tredegar Park. The names in this group are: Seated—Colonel A. A. Turnor, Mr. M. H. H. Fyffe, Mr. A. M. Millar (captain), Mr. C. de Winton, and Colonel G. Masters; standing—Mr. R. A. C. Forrester, Mr. H. C. Witchell, Mr. G. S. Wills, Mr. E. M. Grace, Mr. H. Bampfylde, Jim Cross, and another

is, I think you get truer results. In Blenheim we see a case in point, and I think Belvoir Wexford, not a notably great hound in the field, is a cast of an equally convincing nature where hounds are concerned. Look at his descendants and at the same time look at the descendants of Blacklock (the strain is, to give you a few signposts, Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon). Trigo went back along parallel lines to Blacklock. Blenheim does so even more markedly. Also let us look at hounds bred back on parallel lines to Brocklesby Rallywood and to many other great hounds in past history. Persimmon, Diamond Jubilee, and Florizel II, to name you three classic examples in the past, were all bred back on parallel lines to Blacklock, all by St. Simon out of Perdita II. I will not labour the point too much in case it bores some people, but it is rather interesting for it does not apply only to horses and hounds. The footman and the charlady infusions in some of us are most admirable, and that I suppose is what could be called "breeding for work"; but sometimes it does not pan out as it is hoped that it may. Both Blandford and Malva, Blenheim's papa and mama, are full of Blacklock, and the Derby winner has at least five lines to him, and he and also Trigo are full of Pocahontas, as they are bound to be with so much St. Simon in them, for St. Angela, St. Simon's dam, was by King Tom by Harkaway out of Pocahontas, the greatest matron, I think, of all time. Line-breeding says that Blenheim had a "Yes" against his name for the Guineas, the Derby, and the Leger. He did not win the Guineas, but we saw how he won the Derby, and we have a very restricted choice in trying to find one to beat him in the Leger. His size put some people off him, for he has hardly grown at all since his two-year-old days.



Straight from the river, slap into a tennis party; you can do it in a Forma bathing suit, for Formas are made in the gayest and sunniest of colours, and in the most intriguing of new styles.

They are tailored, too, from soft wool, close-knit and pliant, and the built-in brassiere gives freedom and security even to 1930's deep-cut models.

Have bathing at its best this year. Be happy and unembarrassed no matter who is there.



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THE TAILORED SWIMMING SUIT

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Left. No. 2465. Plain Swimmer in elastic-knit wool
All shades - - Price 17/11
Right. No. 1660. Two-some style with skirt in heavy elastic-knit wool.
Many colours - - Price 28/6

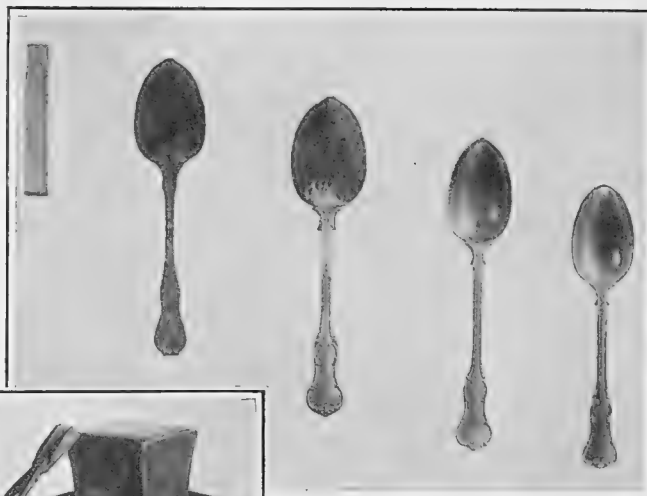
If your draper does not stock the Forma, apply to the Forma Company, Ltd., 158 Oxford Street, London, W.1, for illustrated booklet and name of nearest dealer.

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Topics of Varied Interest

Craftsmen of To-day.

It is not easy to realize that in these days of modern methods of production there are still craftsmen who work and apply their skill in precisely the same way as did their ancestors in Edward the Confessor's time. The illustrations on this page were supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company of 112, Regent Street, who also gave us the following interesting description of how their hand-made sterling silver spoons and forks are produced. The silver (which contains $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. copper alloy) is melted, cut, and rolled into suitably-sized ingots. (See illustration No. 1.) These ingots are heated to a required temperature and then hammered or forged, as it is termed, to the approximate shape and size of the article to be made. Then by cold-forging, or hammering, the bowl of the spoon or blank of the fork is hammered out. Illustration No. 2 will give some slight idea of the progress made during these two operations. The "forging," as it is known, is now ready for striking, which is done with an enormous hand-press with very heavy steel dies cut with the required design or pattern. On illustration No. 3 the pattern or design of the spoon-handle is apparent. The bowl part is now quite flat and has to be shaped, or what is technically known as sunk, by hand with the aid of steel punches and a large sledge-hammer. The spoon or fork, as the case may be, is now ready to be passed on to the filer, who



The processes through which an ingot passes before it becomes a spoon. There is the forging, the stamping, stamping with bowl sunk, and the finished article. At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company



Here is seen implements for holding the hot ingot, and hammer for forging by hand. At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

removes all the rough marks and prepares them for the smooth files of the polisher. Before polishing, however, which process includes sanding and then buffing with very fine lime and oil and finally colouring with rouge, they are sent to the Goldsmiths' Hall where the hall-mark of purity of standard is stamped.

Wrinkles Banished.

All suffering from wrinkles must at the very earliest opportunity wend their way to Ella Sterling's pretty salons at 235, Regent Street, as for over a decade she has been specializing in removing these troublesome defects. She guarantees her process to be absolutely harmless—the knife is never used, there are no injections or massage. A visit is essential in order to understand just what is done. An appointment must be made as she attends to every client herself.

Far From the Madding Crowd.

In these strenuous days a brief rest will prevent a nervous breakdown, therefore all and sundry will be glad to hear of a pleasant nursing home. No, it is not quite that, as serious cases of illness are not admitted. It may better be called a rest home where medical attention and treatments may be obtained at exceptionally moderate prices. It is known by the name of "Back-settown," and is situated at Henfield amidst the most lovely Sussex scenery. The terms for the patients are from £4 4s. to £8 8s. weekly, and it is no uncommon occurrence for people to go down for a week-end. It is wonderful the beneficial effect that these restful surroundings and wonderful air have on nerves that are on edge.



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LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Lady Maud Warrender has investigated Mr. Willi's methods and has written an article for the press, an extract of which can be obtained free.

Where Lady Maud found that miracle, you too can find it, even as ten thousand others have found it, in daily practice, at the HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, where for twenty years Mr. Willi has been restoring lost youth to the women who have come to him from all corners of the globe. Arrange an appointment with Mr. Willi; let him show you what he has done for others; let him tell you what he can do for you; his advice will cost you nothing; and the charges for his treatment are strictly moderate. So little to pay, and so much to gain! For a new lease of youthful freshness and good looks!

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[Written in a London clubroom]

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Ev'n in their ashes lives their fragrant spell.



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Made from pedigree leaf

10 for 6d.

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Extra large size 20 for 1/5

Polo Notes—continued

On that Argentine form we should be entitled to expect that the Americans' first provisional selection would be that team which had done so well in the third match v. the South, i.e. Mr. W. A. Harriman (1), Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (2), Mr. T. Hitchcock, jun. (3), and Mr. Winston Guest (back); but, as a matter of fact, so far as can be gathered there is going to be a bit of re-shuffling, and the team most likely to be selected is this: Mr. Elmer J. Boeseke (1), Mr. Winston Guest (2), Mr. T. Hitchcock (3), and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (back). I hear from America that they think Mr. Boeseke is a far better horseman on these miniature racchorses they have, and that Mr. Tommy Hitchcock wants Mr. Winston Guest immediately in front of him, and that he thinks young Hopping will be the best back he can find. Mr. Boeseke, I am told, is as good a man on a horse as Mr. Watson-Webb, which is saying a good deal, and in the American Open last autumn he played No. 2 in the Greentree team, which was only knocked out by the Sands Point team, which went into the final with the Hurricanes—who won. The accounts say that he played "superbly" and was not always helped by Mr. Eric Pedley, his No. 3. Mr. Winston Guest was the back of that Greentree team, and the reports say of him that "Guest turned in another good game," which is American for saying that he played extremely well. I do not know who they will pick as their reserve back, but I should think that Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, jun., who was the Hurricanes' back when they won the Open Championship at Meadowbrook last "fall," is the automatic one. Mr. Winston Guest is no stranger to the front



THE BRIDGE HOUSE TEAM

W. A. Roush

Which was beaten by the fine Goulbourn (Australia) team in the final of the Whitney Cup. The names, left to right, are: Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington, 1; Captain J. de Pret, 2; Captain C. H. Tremayne, 3; and Mr. H. P. Guinness, back

end of a team, as it was there he played when he was at Yale. Mr. Hitchcock, who skippers the team, they say considers him the hardest and longest hitter in America. We have seen something of how he can hit in England. Young E. A. S. Hopping played No. 2 in the Sands Point team, who were tipped all over the place to beat the Hurricanes in the final, but the latter, thanks to Captain C. T. I. Roark, brought off what they called in the American Press "the biggest upset of the season in America." They say that the polo pundits were flabbergasted, as they thought Mr. Tommy Hitchcock's team would walk all over Mr. Laddie Sanford's bunch after the way it had trimmed the strong Greentree team 14 to 10. It was in this match, so I was told, that Captain Roark showed America how the invincible Tommy Hitchcock, her 10-goal star, could be bottled.

All the accounts of this match speak of Captain Roark as something quite superhuman. The Hurricanes won by 11 to 7, and an account says, "Watson Webb (the No. 3) and Roark dominated the game . . . they stormed all over the field, hitting beautifully . . . between them they took perfect care of Hitchcock, so that he was never able to swing his team into the sort of attack it was used to sweep into the final round." And they ("New York Times") said of Strawbridge, The Hurricanes' back, that he hustled the opposing No. 1 (W. A. Harriman) off the earth, and never let him get the shot he wanted. This I take it is all rather up our street in spite of its being about the American Open.

I think we may take it that Mr. Hitchcock is making no error in picking this Boeseke-Guest-Hitchcock-Hopping team—two boys and two not so boyish, because Mr. Boeseke I believe is over thirty and so is Mr. Hitchcock, but the others are polo babes.

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for the good of your health

» **BOOTH'S DRY AND TONIC WATER** «

» **BOOTH'S DRY AND SODA WATER** «

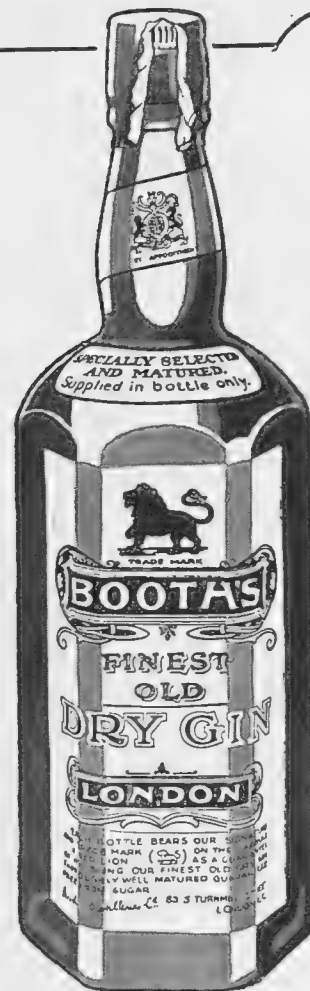
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AND THE FINEST APPETISER —

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NO CORKSCREW
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NEW ALUMINIUM
STOPPER CORK



Weddings and Engagements

Marrying Shortly.

An interesting wedding takes place on June 28 at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, S.W., when two doctors are to be married. They are Dr. Noel

Trelawney Glynn, M.R.C.P., and Dr. Christine Gibson; Mr. R. B. Y. Simpson, the Durham Light Infantry, and Miss Lorna Gifford-Nash have fixed July 9 for their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Bedford; two days before, the 7th, Mr. Geoffrey Minto Radcliffe marries Miss Margaret Joyce Johnson at Horkstow; Flight-Lieut. Leslie Tillard, Royal Air Force, and Miss Winifred Mary Brooke are being married on July 2 at St. Andrew's Church, Shifnal; on July 19 there is the marriage of Mr. G. J. Ponsonby and Miss Sylvia Hollins, which takes place at All Saints' Church, Freshwater.

Recent Engagements.

Lieutenant J. H. Fordham, R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fordham of Mill Vale, Bromley, and Miss Rowena Day, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Day of Bridge

Cottage, Chertsey; Jonnkheer Frederick Van der Hoeven and Miss Winifred Lasthenie Grant-Rogers, the elder daughter of the late Mr. Ernest William Rogers and the late Mrs. Florence Lasthenie Allen Grant-Rogers of Cannes; Mr. Ian Cameron Stuart, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Stuart of Hill Crest, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex, and Miss Patricia Hardy, the adopted daughter of Captain E. Pellew, O.B.E., of Château Bellevue, Jurançon, Basses Pyrénées, France; Mr. Charles Perkins Garner, second son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Garner of Northfields, Melton Mowbray, and St. Mawes, Cornwall, and Miss Frances Elizabeth Richmond (Betty) Mann, the only daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Mann, M.B.E., Belfast Bank, Dungannon, and Mrs. Mann of The Elms, Standtown, Co. Down;

Mr. Richard Astley Hemelryk, second son of Colonel P. H. Hemelryk, T.D., J.P., and Mrs. Hemelryk of Christleton Hall, Cheshire, and Miss Ione (Peggy) Fuller, only child of Colonel and Mrs. A. C. Fuller of 9, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea.



Ingham

MISS RUTH TIMPSON

Who is marrying Mr. R. T. Hadfield of Hale, Cheshire, on June 25. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. F. Timpson of The Gables, Hale, and Kettering, Northants



Bassano

MISS MARY BOWLE-EVANS

Who is engaged to Mr. C. E. Rickards Hirsch, the Welch Regiment, is the elder daughter of Major-General and Mrs. C. Bowle-Evans of Byeletts, Herefordshire and Applegarth, Cheltenham



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. AYLMER PORTER

Whose marriage took place on June 11 to Mr. Aylmer Porter, was formerly Miss Clarice McGregor, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Parr of Sunnylands, Mandelieu



Hay Wrightson

MISS P. VESEY-FITZGERALD

The only daughter of Mr. J. F. Vesey-Fitzgerald and of the late Mrs. J. F. Vesey-Fitzgerald, whose marriage to Mr. James Philip Mills, Indian Civil Service, takes place at the end of October in India



Lafayette

MISS EILEEN MOYNA

The daughter of the late Captain E. G. J. Moyna and Mrs. J. Clayton Hardie of 50, Victoria Road, Kensington, who is engaged to Mr. Robert G. Buchanan

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A display by the famous Royal Canadian Mounted Police, daring riders from the great open spaces, will form part of the season's greatest exhibition of classic horsemanship. Also JUMPING COMPETITIONS BY OFFICERS OF ALL NATIONS

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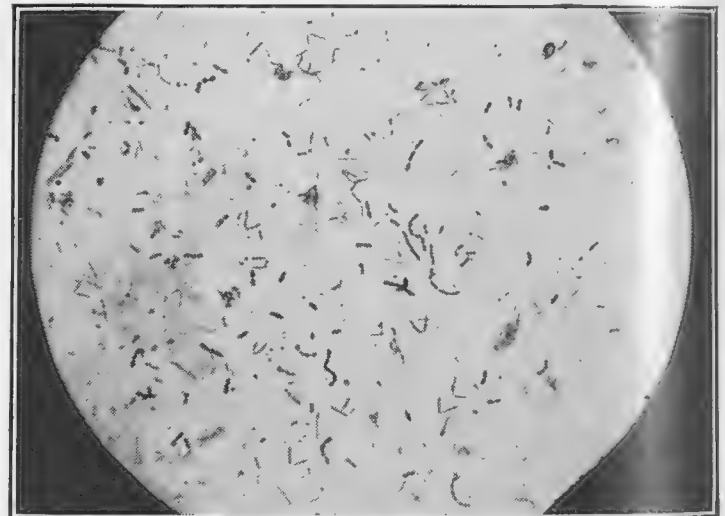
KING GEORGE V. GOLD TROPHY
Afternoon, June 23.
PRINCE OF WALES GOLD CUP
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OUR TENNIS LETTER

This week there has been quite an inundation of foreign players, who are all arriving for practice before the Championships, and the courts at Wimbledon and Queen's Club are full of famous players putting the final touches to their game.

The result of the Davis Cup at Eastbourne was somewhat discouraging, but I feel that Lee deserves great sympathy for the two long five-sett matches he fought so bravely, only to lose in each case in the fifth sett.

It will be interesting to see how our conquerors, the Australians, will fare against Italy, whom they are playing this week. Last time they made their trip into Italy, some three years ago, they suffered a somewhat unexpected defeat; this time I fancy they will revenge it.

There has been some wonderfully fine lawn tennis at Brussels this week, where in the World's Hard Court Championships Jean Borotra beat Henri Cochet in what was, I hear from an eye-witness, the finest lawn tennis final ever seen in Brussels.

This is particularly interesting, as I have been predicting a "Borotra surprise" for Wimbledon for some time past, and I certainly feel that my opinions may be going to be realized.

Henri Cochet was apparently in excellent form in Brussels, as in the semi-final he defeated in straight sets Lyttleton Rogers, the tall Irishman, who had beaten him in the final at Biarritz this Easter.

Borotra also won the mixed doubles, and as I hear that he is playing with Señorita de Alvarez at Wimbledon, these two would seem to have an excellent chance of carrying off this event.

The Señorita seems to be having, however, rather a bad time just now with insomnia, and I hear that in Berlin (where she was very surprisingly beaten by Fräulein Kraminkel) she has been very seedy indeed. Fräulein Aussem, on the other hand, seems to have been playing really fine tennis, and her victory in the singles and the mixed doubles with William Tilden would seem to show that she is in excellent form for Wimbledon. I hear that she is arriving in a few days' time, and that she and "Big Bill" will put in a trial run at Queen's Club the week before the Championships, where they will play in the mixed doubles there.

All the French ladies' team, including Madame Mathieu (who won in Brussels last week and is the present French lady champion), Madame Heurotin (a newcomer to the Wimbledon audiences and a most beautiful volleyer), Mlle. Gallay, Madame Desloges, and Madame Bordes, are due here in time to compete in the Queen's Club Tournament, while of course the young American girls, Miss Susan Palfrey and Miss Greef, have

already had a success in the doubles at Gipsy, North London, where they beat Miss Ryan and Miss Clarke in a long three-sett match.

Mrs. Wills-Moody (who I met in Bond Street looking extremely chic the morning after her arrival) is taking her responsibility as the captain of the Wightman Cup team very seriously indeed, and is to be found every day at Wimbledon, where the rival teams are practising now.

The match takes place this week-end and, on paper, would seem to be a very level one, the turning-point in my mind being whether Miss Helen Jacobs the second string from America can win her singles. Anyhow, I do not think that Mrs. Moody will lose many games in her own matches for I have never seen her hitting harder or playing better than she is doing at this moment. Her volleying seems to have improved a great deal this season, and she seems to attack more in doubles than in former years.

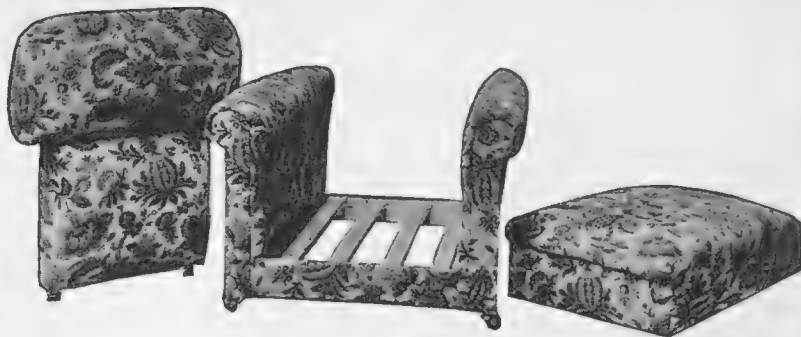
Miss Susan Palfrey, the "baby" of the party, seems to be gaining golden opinions wherever she plays, for she has a most delightful style and is extremely pretty and graceful on court. Miss Edith Cross, too, is another young member of the Wightman Cup team who will be very well worth watching at the Championships. The American men's team are nearly all here, or will be by the time this is read. William Tilden is, as usual, at the Savoy, and I have never seen him in better spirits or more confident than he is this season. A notable absentee from the American team this year will be that fierce hitter, Mr. Frank Hunter, but George Lott and Doeg, and, of course, Van Ryn and Allisson (the present holders of the doubles), are coming over to defend their title.

I am very sorry to hear that "Toto" Brugnon, quite one of the most popular of the French big four, is very seedy indeed with a bad attack of "flu." He had to scratch in the doubles with Henri Cochet at Brussels, but it is hoped that he will be well enough to come to Wimbledon as usual, for his doubles play is quite famous and I know of no one so well worth watching as this agile little Frenchman.

Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall, who was another victim of "flu" just lately, is still looking far from well, although I hear that she is planning to play with Miss Betty Nuthall at Queen's Club next week as a rehearsal for Wimbledon, where, of course, they are playing together.

There is a great deal of interesting lawn tennis going on besides what is actually played at Wimbledon, and I hear that all the "stars" are playing at Lady Crosfield's lovely courts up at Highgate next Monday, when she has a series of charity matches which are certain to be very largely attended.

Lady Wavertree, too, is having her usual big charity tennis party at Sussex Lodge the Monday after the Championships. "DROP-SHOT."



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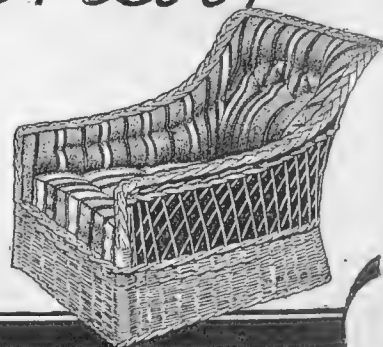
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Wallace, H. G. Wells, Denis
Mackail and others, together
with a supplement of perfectly
reproduced pictures.



¶ When some famous film wife was said to have been found in a compromising situation, did I repeat the story? No! I repeated true stories of the unmarried stars.

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21st Birthday
Number
Now On Sale
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Confession—continued

on the same day every week. The rest of the week he competed with thugs and cads, but on one night he made his money among gentlemen.

"I suppose it began to catch him round the heart—the blessed peace of it; the decency; the unattainable cleanness. He found himself . . . what was it some poet Johnny said? I learnt it at school; something about wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born. . . . When a crook gets soft, I guess it's time he quit!"

Sir Everard's voice broke in with some concern.

"Talking of quitting; what's this I hear about . . . ?" he faltered and stopped. Was the firelight playing tricks with Tony's lovable face? Had a mask been taken off, or a mask put on? A look of utter weariness was on it, merging the lines of easy humour into those of bitterest emotion.

"What's this I hear," Sir Everard felt bound to finish, "about your not being able to come next Monday?"

The other roused himself to make an answer.

"I was going to tell you. No more Monday nights for me. I'm sailing for the States in two days' time."

Sir Edward stared at him in utter dismay.

"But my dear Tony, you *can't* . . . why, it will utterly upset our four . . . besides, I should miss you most infernally . . ." He had risen in his agitation, but suddenly, as though abandoning an argument, he thrust his hands into his pockets and stood staring at the carpet. "Oh, well, I can't



AT THE BRITISH LEGION FÊTE, NEAR LUTTERWORTH

Miss Honora and Miss Daphne Spiller, and in the centre Miss Daphne Greenfield, who were all helping at the British Legion Fête held at Husband Bosworth, near Lutterworth, last week. Miss Spiller and her sister are the daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Spiller of The Hill, Bosworth

complain . . ." he looked across with a glance of rare affection; "you've been uncommonly good, lad, to a bit of an old bore. A young fellow doesn't want to be tied each Monday night—"

"A young fellow doesn't mind *winning* each Monday night." Grant spoke with the harshness almost of desperation. The elder man smiled philosophically.

"Yes, you usually managed to win, you clever young blighter! In fact, now I come to think of it. . . . Oh, well, there were three of us to share the damage, all with more money than is good for us! What's that? You must be off? I say, don't look so down, we're not going to call it good-bye. There'll still be a Monday to the week when you get back, eh, Tony?" He held out his hand. "So long, old fellow. . . ."

Grant started to speak, but the words petered out abruptly, and he turned his head aside, not to betray the trembling of his lips. He fumbled for his host's extended hand, and gripped it with a quite unconscious roughness.

A warm grasp answered his, and silence reigned for a moment in the deserted card-room.

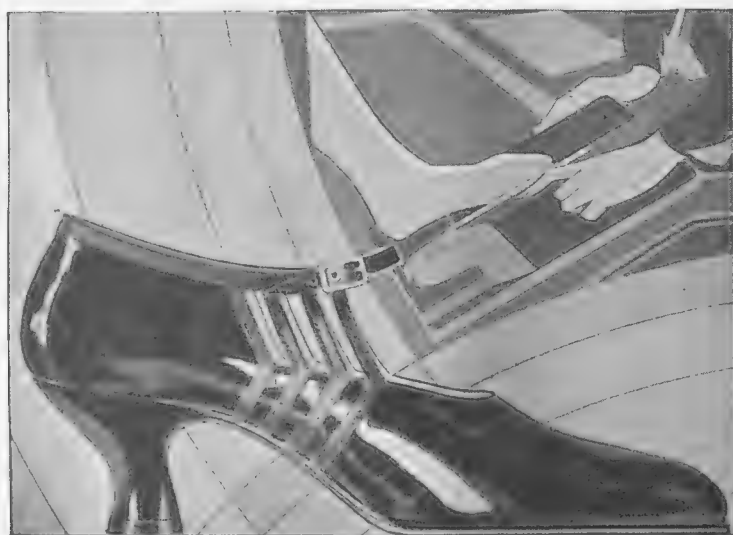
Then Grant released himself and squared his shoulders.

"Do you remember, sir," he spoke in the parched, level tones of a gambler making his final bid, "we first met each other on board ship?"

Sir Everard nodded reminiscently.

"You're right, so we did. So we did. . . . Well, Tony, mind you take good care of yourself. I mean to say," he began to chuckle softly, irrepressibly. "You know I can't get

'em out of my head, these two! . . . Young Wilmot, I mean, and Tracy . . . the innocents!"



Perfect style— perfect fitting

Even the most fashionable shoe can be so accurately fitted by Baber's Scientific method that you cannot fail to secure that perfect foot comfort which is as essential as stylish appearance.

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Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines becoming sluggish allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful

of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastrointestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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C.F.H.

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Photo by Paul Tanqueray.

MISS CICELY BYRNE,
who plays a leading part in the successful play "Moloch" at the Strand Theatre, writes:—

"FIRST-NIGHT nerves are shared from the stars to the least important members of the cast and might lead to serious disappointments. After a strenuous time of rehearsals I was very tired and run down, and I really felt I should never be able to carry on; then I remembered my old friend Phosferine, and after taking some, my nerves began to steady almost at once, and by the time the play began I was quite calm, and ever since have had plenty of freshness and energy for my work."

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Lady Burton attended the recent Paris Show where she judged all the terriers coming from Scotland. She was much struck by a magnificent Skye terrier Tweedside Moonlight, and made him the best terrier of her section. She said he was in splendid trim, but she did not consider the dogs in general as well put down as they are here.

The Scottish terrier is one who never lacks friends, in fact if you have once owned a Scottie you are never happy without one. There is something about his wise, solemn face, and rather aloof demeanour which is very attractive, especially so to those to whom he condescends to unbend. Mrs. Madden is one of his firmest adherents. She has lately done remarkably well. She sends a photograph of her beautiful bitch, Albourne Black Bess, and says: "I brought her out at Blackpool in May, where she won all her bitch classes, also at Liverpool and Southport. At the Great Joint Terrier Show in eight classes she got one first, two seconds, and one third, only losing reserve championship by a pip. My bitch, Glencannie Gossip, won fifth in open bitches and won the Oaks, and Bess the Novice Criterion with twenty in the class, and the two won the brace." Mrs. Madden has lately bought a very good stud dog from Mr. Cowley.



Ralph Robinson

ALBOURNE BLACK BESS

The property of Mrs. Madden

Schnauzers are making steady progress; they are in good hands so should do so. Those who have them have their real interests at heart, and also have knowledge. They will do well, as they will thus avoid the pitfall of over-trimming, which has been the end of the popularity of many breeds. The photograph



SHELTON DAINTY CHIP AND HIS DAUGHTER

The property of Miss Little

The pom is one of the most perfect of toy dogs; both as to colour and make and shape a good pom is impossible to beat. Added to this they have an almost uncanny intelligence, and their popularity is not difficult to understand, especially as they are hardy little things and require no coddling. Miss Little sends a photograph of two of her dogs, Shelton Dainty Chip and his daughter. They are lovely little dogs as can be seen. Miss Little has some puppies for sale; she lives near Winchester and is pleased to show them to anyone. All her puppies lead a healthy outdoor life.

There is a chance for anyone wishing to start well in Cairns, Miss Smallwood has a young lady for disposal, two and a half years old, a winner at big shows, is mated to Champion Seaworthy out of the West, has had one family and was a devoted mother. The little lady is a granddaughter of the famous Champion Gillie of Hyver.

All letters to be addressed to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

given is of Mrs. Kavanagh's stud dog, Bruno von de Secretainerie and de Chavalard. Bruno is an imported dog, three years old, and Mrs. Kavanagh visited Germany specially to select him. The well-known German judge and authority, Herr Von Otto, has written: "We have not a second dog with such a magnificent head as his. He surpasses all our champions, and I know them all well, in respect of length, lean-cut head, eyes, mouth, and hair; set moreover on a magnificent and powerful body." Bruno's sire and grandsire were both Grand Champions of Germany. Four of his first litter were responsible for winning six out of ten classes at Cruft's, also two specials including best Schnauzer dog in show. Mrs. Kavanagh has a litter by him for disposal. She considers these the best she has ever bred; they will be eligible to show at the autumn shows.



Ralph Robinson

BRUNO VON DER SECRETAIRERIE AND DE CHAVALARD

The property of Mrs. D. McM. Kavanagh

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C.F.H. 6

Petrol Vapour—continued

contents. Accordingly you might well say that to put a battery in this position is bad practice, and rendered all the worse because here it is so liable to be damaged. An accumulator looks a pathetic mess when it has been shrewdly struck by another car. But where else is it to go. If it is tucked away under the floor-boards it is out of sight, and also out of mind, and being the *one* thing on the car that *must* have regular attention, it never looks like getting any until the trouble occurs. So I am inclined to think that one of these days we shall have to have another gadget upon our instrument boards, something in the form of a gauge or a tell-tale warning lamp that will show when the level of acid has got unduly low. A good battery costs quite a pretty penny, and if it is run in a dry condition it can soon be irreparably damaged. Sorry to inflict this technical dope upon you, but it may remind you to give a glance, or get someone else to give a glance, to that very long-suffering thing upon which (especially you, O fair ones!) so much of your motoring comfort depends. It is going to have a rotten time of it during the next few months, so the least you can do is to start it off strong and healthy and happy.

A Reminiscence.

Once upon a time—it seems millions of years ago now, but it was not so long before the war—the late “Jerry” Biss and myself were let loose, as “THE TATLER’S Derby Dogs,” to “do” Epsom, each from his own automobilous point of view. We commandeered a most excellent metal-lurgique saloon; we saw to it that when we pulled up at Harrods something extra special in the way of hampers (for three, Mrs. P. V. being one of the party) was popped in at the back, and away we went without a worry to cloud the azure of our thoughts, and with every intention of making money. This last we did, as it turned out, for on the Hill

(I believe that is the correct name, though little was to be seen but bookies and gypos) we parked alongside a car presided over by that Vanderbilt who went down in the *Titanic*. He it was who gave us a corking fine tip for one of the smaller races, and the handsome odds against the same made the day singularly pleasant. But there was one trifling little occurrence in that delectable joy ride that, so far from my ever forgetting, still comes to me now and again as a nightmare ghastly beyond expression. Traffic was not as well organized then as it is now, and up the gradient towards the Downs from Ewell there was a solid procession of cars packed tight together four or five abreast. The noise of those tearing engines, the stink of exhaust fumes, the heat, the fuss, the intolerable pauses in movement, and the general conditions were painful enough. But so far as I was myself concerned there came a point when it ceased to be monotonous. Many radiators were boiling that morning, but the stream of fluid that I suddenly saw trickling down the road was never water! By the look and by the smell of it, it was jolly old petrol . . . gallons of it too. A little ahead a big car had been allowed to run back a bit, and its tank had been neatly holed by the adjacent dumbiron of another. This was distinctly interesting. For you see the cars were so close together that only from those on the outside could you possibly get out. And everywhere there were plutocrats smoking long cigars. I hesitated whether to shout a warning or take a chance, for a panic could easily have been started. Ere I could come to a decision the column moved forward again, and with unutterable relief I drove past that spot in the road upon which a formidable supply of juice had been liberated. No one else seemed to bother about it, and all was very well. But it was a hundred to one that it went up, and I always regard it as the narrowest squeak I have ever had. Ignorance was bliss, of course. Just my luck to be about the only one in that crowd who knew. It is one of those things upon which it is pleasanter to look back than encounter.



MISS PEARL ARGYLE

Who will be remembered for her portrayal of the beautiful young Venus in the Mars and Venus ballet of “Jew Süss,” will appear in the Marie Rambert season of ballet, to be held at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, commencing June 23

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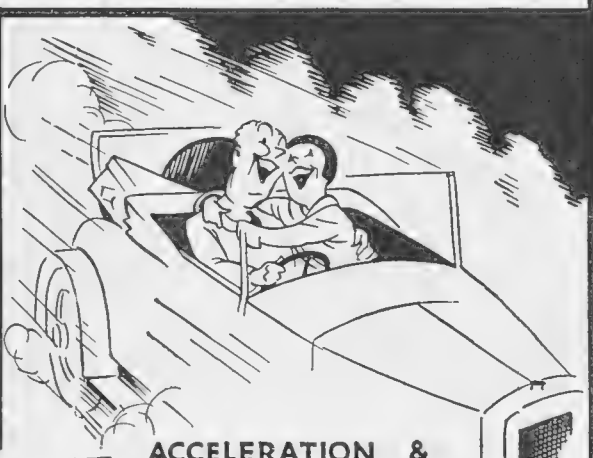
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CAR CAMEOS

The Daimler Twenty-five Saloon

From many points of view this is a singularly interesting motor-car. Its producers have long been particularly associated with the production of the servant-driven type of vehicle, but in this model, which made its first appearance at Olympia last autumn, they have stepped aside from their traditional path and created something that is specifically intended to fulfil the requirements of the motorist, who has just as high standards of luxury as anyone else, but demands a car that he can look after on his own account without any trouble.

There is no question that this object aimed at has been well attained, for I do not know of any vehicle, in any power or price class, in which simplicity of upkeep has been so well studied. For example, almost all the incidental moving parts in the chassis are furnished with roller-bearings and oil-less bushes, so that practically no attention needs to be given them for months on end.

Then another interesting and important feature of the Daimler Twenty-five is the extent to which aluminium alloy is exploited. Mr. Laurence Pomeroy, the managing director of the Daimler Company, spent a good many years in the United States studying aluminium derivations—I believe he constructed a motor-car entirely of these metals—and we have here some of the points of his researches. Almost the whole of the engine, that is to say, cylinder block, pistons, crank-chamber, etc., is "Al-alloy," making for a desirably even distribution of heat as well as for a considerable saving in avoiddupois.

There are many clever ideas in this power plant, of which two at least must be noted. One is that when you start up from cold an auxiliary system of lubrication automatically comes into action which ensures that the unevaporated fuel does not lave all the oil off the sleeves and cylinder walls, and further, that the big-ends and crankshaft bearings get all the supply they could possibly want. That might, at first sight, look like a trifle. But it is not. For the fact is that a dozen abortive

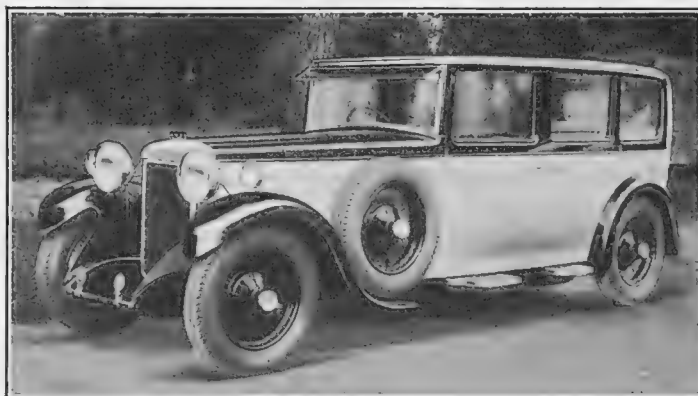
starts on a cold morning, followed by a brisk opening of the throttle, are capable of doing more lasting injury to the essential moving parts of an engine than several hundred miles of normal running.

Another important feature is the provision of a special oil-cooling radiator which very effectively maintains the oil in the best possible condition for doing its vital work. Yet another point is that a very special kind of aluminium piston is employed, in which an ingenious means is used to counteract the tendency of this metal to expand at a different rate from the inner-steel sleeve in which it works. The general result of these and other examples of advanced design is very admirable.

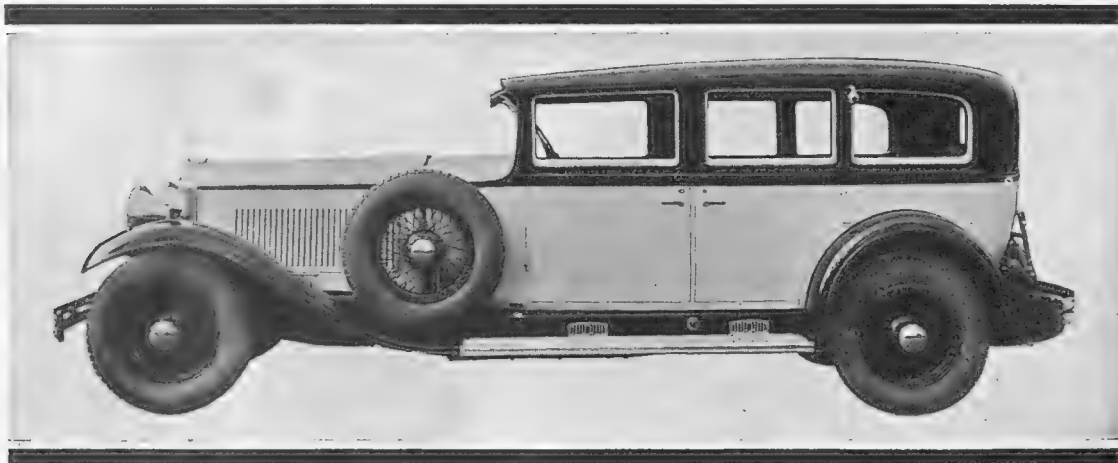
Only the most hypercritical could find any fault with the road performance of the Daimler Twenty-five. Three-and-a-half litres of engine capacity—the rating being 24·7—are not too often allied to a speed, with a capacious saloon body, of over 70 m.p.h., as testified by stopwatch over a measured half-mile on the level. That sort of thing I call distinctly good, but what is even better is its ability to keep its speed when a moderate gradient presents itself. Certainly this is a fast car with which it is possible to average a formidable figure without taking any liberties.

The springing is quite above criticism. I was utterly incapable of finding a road inequality that could give either my passengers or myself any symptom of discomfort. And yet there was none of that sickening softness about it that is too often regarded as "good suspension." Again, I have nothing but admiration for the vacuum servo-brakes. They are dead silent, wonderfully smooth in action, and in no conditions that I could find have any influence on the steering.

This last was light and easy, and gave one a pleasant feeling of security, the driving position was all that it could be, but to my mind it was inclined to "kick" a little over the bumps. The only other fault that came to notice was third gear—upon which you normally start away from rest—it could not possibly be described as a "silent third," of which there are now so many examples that one has come to be rather critical on this point. But it is hardly a serious blemish, for the Twenty-five does so much and so willingly upon its extraordinarily quiet direct drive.



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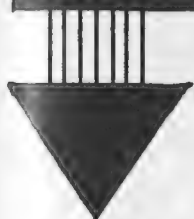
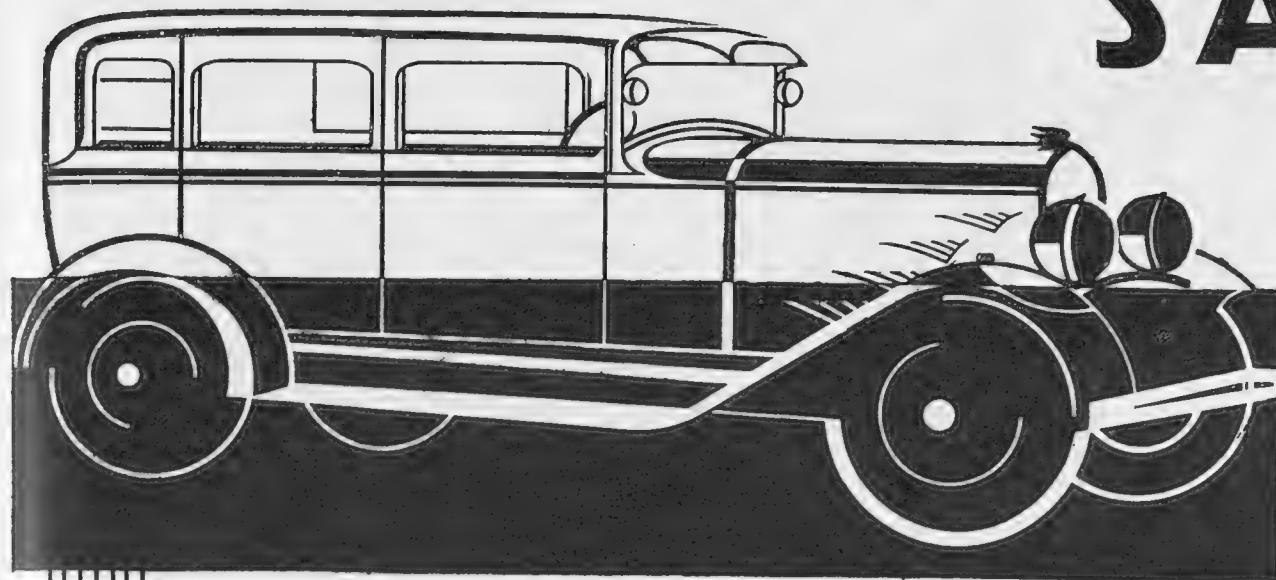
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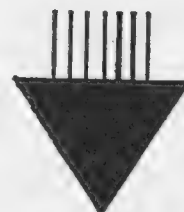
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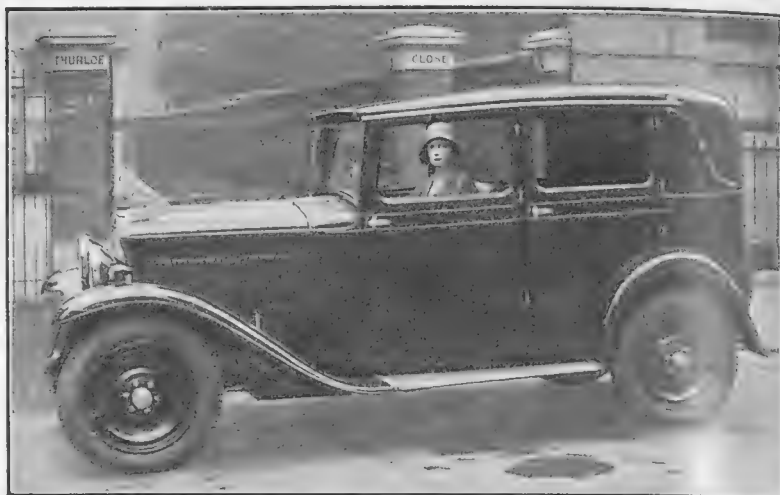
Motor Notes and News



THE ATCO MOTOR-MOWER
In use on the lawns of Lancing College

The progressive policy adopted by present-day educational authorities is exemplified by the activities of the leading public schools and universities. Whereas in former times extreme conservatism marked scholastic administration, to-day ultra-modern methods are employed and equipment is invariably of the latest. As an instance of the wide range of products coming within the academic scope, the famous British motor-mower, the Atco, might be mentioned, since it plays an important part in the maintenance of the playing-fields and lawns of such famous centres of learning as Eton College, Rugby School, Christ's Hospital, Christ Church, Oxford, and St. John's College, Cambridge. But to private users the Atco motor-mower is famous for more than perfect turf cultivation, for it has proved the certain method of economizing time, labour, and money; in a word the Atco represents the most efficient method of turf culture. Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham, market a comprehensive range of mowers suitable for all lawns, whilst the widespread service organization enables Atco users in all parts of the country to receive prompt attention.

The first of the large agricultural shows of the year will be the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society's Show to be held at Torquay, May 29 to 31. One of the most important items regarding the safety of the valuable exhibits is that of fire protection, and it is therefore satisfactory to note that the Bath and West Society have again entrusted the fire protection of the show to the world-famous firm of Merryweather and Sons of Greenwich. For dealing with any outbreaks of fire which may occur at the show, the fire station at Stand No. 19 will contain the most up-to-date appliances, including a 1930 model Motor Hatfield Fire Engine, similar to those supplied to His Majesty the King and to fire brigades in all parts of the world. There will also be Hatfield Trailer Fire Pumps as adopted for the fire protection of Craigweil House during the visit of H.M. the King to Bognor Regis. Machines of this type have been extensively adopted by owners of country residences and estates, well-known companies, colleges, and schools, public institutions, etc. The fire station will be staffed by Merryweather's engineers, who will be on duty day and night, and in addition to the appliances mentioned above there will be a number of "Konus Kemik" hand fire-extinguishers, etc.



MISS EILEEN BENNETT
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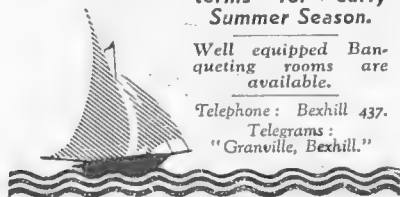
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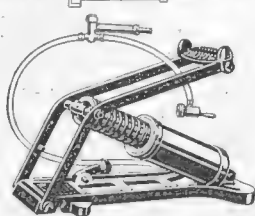
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A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 540

Gliding.

Herr Kronfeld has been giving some gliding exhibitions, and these should help to stimulate interest in gliding and to assist the clubs that have been formed. The London Club has purchased a more advanced kind of glider and has been doing a great deal of work with it. I hear also that several gliders are being built in secret in readiness for the competition for the £1,000 prize offered by Mr. Wallace Barr. The prize goes to the first British pilot who succeeds in crossing the Channel in a British-made glider. Incidentally gliding is receiving assistance from those two brilliant exponent of mass circulation, "The Daily Mail" and "The Daily Express" at the same time. This co-operation is unusual, but it is none the less of value to the gliding movement, and should help it along much more quickly than it could otherwise have gone.

* * *

On Saturday there is the Haldon Air Rally, an aerial objective well worth noting. It is also worth noting that this is about the time when the Cambridge University Air Squadron goes into camp. The Cambridge University Air Squadron under Wing-Commander Vernon S. Brown has done some extremely valuable work in providing regular officers for the air service and also in spreading a knowledge of aeronautics among one of the more intelligent sections of the community. It is inconceivable that any member of the C.U.A.S. could ever give up flying completely after he leaves the University.

EVE AT GOLF—continued from p. 570

down half-a-crown for their first card, and followed it up by a succession of others at a shilling apiece. Over £16 were realized, and the first holder of the cup, given by Mrs. Dunlop Hill, proved to be Miss Fenton of Turnberry with 71 nett, hard run by Miss M. Mellis of Aberdeen at 72.

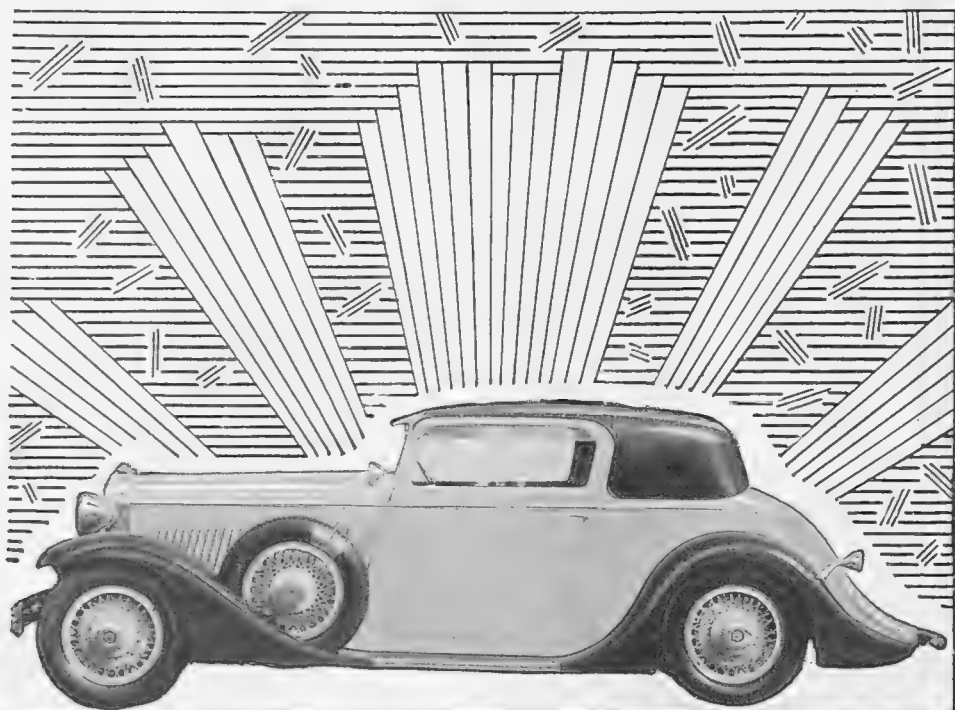
The first scratch prize was won by Miss Rudgard of York with 80, which equals the par of the course, in spite of a woeful waste of shots in the last three holes, and the second was won at 81 by Mrs. Lance Foly of Camberly Heath after a tie with Miss Hilda Cameron of Moray. And then there were tennis and swimming, and dancing and billiards, and paddling and motor-ing, on hills magnetic and otherwise. And if anybody cares to suggest that you cannot or should not do these things and also win at the royal and ancient game let it be put on record that Miss Rudgard was swimming hard twelve hours before going out to do her 80; Miss Leatham played billiards during the Foursomes, and Mrs. Percy tennis the evening before returning 81 in the Quaich competition—which she helped Gullane to win as well as heading the list herself—and 86 in the individual stroke competition in which she took second place. First place in that went very worthily to Miss McCulloch, whose 85, with the altered conditions of casual water and strong wind (the weather had broken) was very fine going. Preliminaries over, we come next week to the Scottish championship itself.

All "Eve's" golfing activities are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme



[HARROGATE COLLEGE SPEECH DAY

A group which includes the famous Head of Harrow, Dr. Norwood, on the day Harrogate College held its speech day and riding gymkhana. In this group are: Standing—The Rev. P. E. Warrington, Miss Lena Jones, Dr. Cyril Norwood, and Lord Gisborough; seated—Mrs. Leach, Miss M. E. Jones (head-mistress of Harrogate College), and Mrs. Norwood



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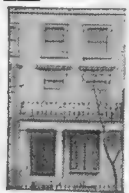
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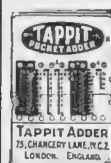
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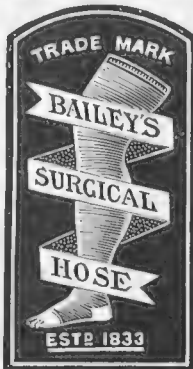
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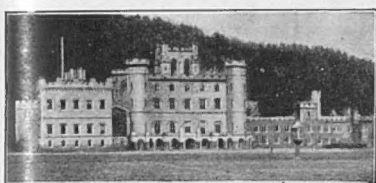
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